

Leslie's

JULY 1971
Volume 10, Number 1





YOUNG BROWN, A CONSISTENT STUDENT OF THE MOVIES, SEES NO REASON WHY HAVING APPLAUDED THE PICTURES ON THE SCREEN HE SHOULDN'T APPLAUD THE WONDERFUL PICTURES IN HIS COPY OF "FILM FUN."

THE July number of "The Magazine of Reel Merriment" is the best issue ever offered the motion picture fans of America.

It is the only publication in the world devoted to the humor of the screen.

It contains 67 corking photographs and drawings of screen stars, and 250 articles, stories, poems, jokes and personality sketches.

Film Fun starts with the funniest cover ever published on any movie magazine, and is a solid meat of merriment through its entire contents. Edited by the man who made Judge so successful, it is beautiful in appearance and fascinating in text and pictures.

Read it—bigger, better, breezier and more beautiful than ever—the

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Leslie's

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

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A MESSAGE FROM VICE-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

Independence Day, 1921

The Fourth of July is
the answer to despotism,
the hope of freedom. To
all the earth it brings
hope and courage. It
is for America to cherish
it, to rededicate it in
the faith that what
men have done they can
do, and to pledge themselves
to support every principle
this day represents.

Calvin Coolidge



The Faith

AS the frontispiece of this issue we print in his own handwriting a Fourth of July message to the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY from Vice-President Calvin Coolidge. Characteristically, in the briefest possible space, in the clearest, most direct language and with a simple legibility—to all of which our public men are not prone—Mr. Coolidge sets forth here in classic form the faith that is America.

On the page opposite this editorial appears "An Interview with George Washington," by Mr. William G. Shepherd. It is hard to believe that if Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Coolidge had deliberately collaborated in the writing of their respective messages they could have approximated more closely the expression of an identical thought. As it is, they have driven true to the same conclusion from wholly different directions, each totally ignorant of the other's effort. One reaffirms the faith from the depths of his own subconscious being, the other from an extensive study on the spot of the spread of republicanism in Europe—"the faith that what men have done they can do," and that "government of the people, by the people, for the people," of which the Fourth of July is the great birthday, and of which America is the great exponent and shining example, will solve the riddle of the future of our civilization.

The Grand American Tour

PRESIDENT HARDING is making the grand American tour. By instalments he is viewing the Panama Canal, Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Riverside, and other shrines. Why do not the tourist agencies compile these spots in a grand American tour? Our battle-fields, tombs, monuments, renowned halls, bejewel our history and illuminate our geography—but not our minds and eyes.

This grand American tour would be a patriotic pilgrimage that would Americanize the pilgrims. It would expand the sentiments of memory and admit the magnificent past to many half-opened minds. It would flood the imagination with the wondrous realization that the mighty race which wrestled with fate from Plymouth Rock to the A. E. F. is not extinct, but as its dead dissolve in the hallowed earth, perpetuates its civilization through the supremacy of its traditions.

Books, schools and speeches can do much. But they must be reinforced by a noble panorama if the full power of patriotism is to acquire dominion over the feelings. In welding diverse races into the consanguinity of citizenship nothing compares with the influence of romance. Is any epoch in the annals of mankind more romantic than the building of America? Are the Crusades more magnificent? Are the Wars of the Roses wilder than our Revolution and French and Indian War? How feeble are the prodigies of the Iliad contrasted with the huge piles of the brave sacrificed, not to subjugate, but to blend a Nation?

We sometimes forget that over and over again we must tell the old story. If we are silent, it will vanish without a trace. The love that men feel for the gorgeous past

arises from the enchantment of distance—the dazzling admiration of an unreal beauty. Even when enrobed with the genius of gifted historians, with its deeds sung on the magic strings of the lute of literature, our history is to millions only cold and lifeless scholarship. The grand American tour would popularize it—advertise it—endear it—until it enriched the national character, and took its place as the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of America.

After You, Alphonse

ON the day that this is published two of the world's greatest exponents of the manly art meet for the world's heavyweight championship before the greatest crowd which, in modern memory, has ever witnessed a fight. Jack Dempsey, representing Our Club, has the overwhelming advantage of reach, height, and twenty pounds of weight, most of it distributed, as should be, above the waist. Georges Carpentier, of France, possesses speed, agility, and brains.

When the blonde Frenchman knocked at our doors, newspapermen found him in the salon of the *Aquitania* "leaning nonchalantly on his walking-stick."

"I will train to the best of my ability," he said, through an interpreter. "I hope to make it interesting for my opponent, for whom I have the greatest respect."

From Dempsey simultaneously came the usual pre-fight outburst that he would wipe the floor with the Frenchman.

Here is Dempsey's statement after six weeks of silence from Monsieur le Georges's camp: "I am very glad to fight Carpentier. He is a gentleman, and I would much rather fight a gentleman than a roughneck. The affair is not in any sense a grudge battle. I've never fought a man that I felt more kindly towards. Carpentier said he wants the best man to win. That's the way I feel about it."

So much for the influence of manners. Dempsey may well lower Carpentier's colors—and his body; but Carpentier has already raised the standard of prize-fighting, both in this country and abroad.

John Bull Plays Poker

THE Americanization of London goes on apace. Poker, it seems, has become such a favorite indoor sport with our cousins overseas that for some time London clubs have set aside rooms in which the light click of the chip in its descent upon the pot and the quiet calling of the bluff might proceed undisturbed.

Undisturbed, indeed! When was poker poker without the excitement of possible interference from the forces of law and order, from the public keepers of our private morals? Apparently what our British friends were playing was something else—until the police began raiding their dignified games. Now at last they have the real thing with all its attendant thrills.

Poker—there is something in the very name which invites the insertion of the nose into other people's affairs. We congratulate our quondam allies on the importation of the finished article.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE WASHINGTON

In Which Are Contained Some Optimistic Reflections on the Decline of the King Business

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

Illustrated by EMMETT WATSON

IN the heart of Europe, not many weeks ago, I stood and looked to the north, the east, the south and the west, and tried to grasp the tremendous fact that I was in the midst of a third of a billion people who had suddenly become rid of **KINGS**.

Even while I was there one king, named Karl, tried to return to his throne and was forced by the people of Hungary to fly for his life, like a criminal.

ington, which I set down with all reverence to be read on this Fourth of July, 1921, in the United States.

"What do you think of this Fourth of July?" I asked General Washington.

"I think it is the most splendid Fourth of July the world has ever seen. This is the World's Fourth of July—not America's."

"Are you optimistic about the future of the world?" I asked.

"Because your viewpoint is narrow," he answered. And then he took me back to 1776.

"That was when the world looked dark!" he said. "You Americans of today have no great decision to make. All you have to do is go on being good Americans. But in 1776 we had a decision to make that influenced the entire future of mankind. I can see this decision today working its influence in every corner of



It came upon me there that this change is a very good thing and that perhaps this world is not passing into some dreadful fog, as many seem to fear, but that, in truth, it is coming out of the fog. If our George Washington, hater of kings, had stood there beside me, or beside any other American, he, with his viewpoint of our forefathers, would, I am sure, have shown us that it is bright sunlight and not fog that the world is facing today.

In the little European town I had an imaginary interview with George Wash-

"More so than ever. I tell you this is the greatest of all Fourths of July."

"But look at Russia, and the quarreling small nations, and all the European mixup," I suggested. "We laugh at people today in the United States who are optimistic."

"That is because you do not keep close to the American viewpoint. Of all men in the world the American has most reason to be optimistic."

"It is difficult to understand your hopefulness," I said.

the earth. It was a simple decision and how and why we made it as we did, I can not yet understand. We made it with fear and trembling and doubt."

"What was the decision?" I asked.

"Not to have a king in the United States."

"Was that ever an important question?"

"Indeed, yes. You see, there were no real, democratic republics in the world at that time, such as we hoped to establish. Everybody was accustomed to the king

idea. The last successful republics we knew anything about were the republics of Greece and Rome."

It is true, I may remind the reader, that, at that time, there existed the republics of Switzerland, Venice, and little Andorra; but Switzerland was maintained by the neighboring monarchies as a reservoir for mercenary troops; Venice, which was doomed to die within the next twenty years, was merely an association of rich merchants, and Andorra was too small to serve as an example.

"There was one time, in 1782, when we had a close call," continued General Washington. "The Revolutionary soldiers were ready to revolt; they were unpaid and poorly clothed and poorly fed. A colonel, named Lewis Nicola, wrote me a letter on behalf of the troops, declaring that the States must have a new form of government. He suggested a monarchy and said: 'If all other things are adjusted I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages.'"

"I had to write back to him," resumed General Washington, "and say: 'If you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or your posterity, or respect for me, banish these thoughts from your mind and never communicate, as from yourself, or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.'"

"Would the people have accepted a king?" I asked.

"Why not?" asked the General. "Their only grudge was against a *bad king*—George the Third. Many of the Americans wanted a king. The government of the Continental States was very weak. Why, 280 buck privates in Philadelphia, who had just been recruited and had never been on the firing line, surrounded the building where the Congress of the United States was meeting and forced the Congress to flee from the city. The Congressmen complained because the State of Pennsylvania was not able to protect them.

"Yes, indeed," he added. "Just after the British troops left America almost any kind of a government would have been welcomed. The easiest course for

us to have taken would have been to establish a monarchy. The unhappy army, as I have told you, wanted to make me a king."

"Why wasn't a monarchy established?"

"Because some of the leading Americans fought the idea. They wanted a republic."

"Why a republic?" I insisted. "You say you had to go back to the days of

can path. Lafayette helped us a great deal to reach our decision, and so did Kosciuszko and other soldiers who came from Europe to fight with us. They all came from king-ridden lands, and they insisted that the United States ought to be made a republic. They told us that somewhere in the world there must be a king-free land, to which oppressed peoples might go. We were only a small corner of the earth then.

Our population was only about three millions. The thirteen States were very loosely cemented, and every State was jealous of the others.

"The royal families of Europe were in a sort of trust, which grew out of intermarriage. They owned Europe, as I owned my farm in Virginia.

"Putting together all the small reasons for not having a king and all the good reasons for having a king, it seems to me that the ayes might have had it in America. But, something held us back. We took the hard path—we decided to blaze the trail.

"How small our venture looked then, to the outside world! We, ragged, impoverished, despised, we were going to try to govern ourselves. We were going to learn to walk, as a people. We were going to fall and bump our heads and try all the wrong ways to do things, before we found the right ways. Statesmen all over the world said, 'Give them enough rope and they'll hang themselves.' In England, they said, 'Let them go their way. They'll be glad enough to come back, some day.'

"In the world of that time," continued the General,

"everybody believed that kings were ordained by God to rule. It was sacrilege against High Heaven for us Americans not to believe in kings."

"You must have looked like an unhappy, disgraced lot," I suggested.

"We did," said General Washington.

"How did you feel when you took the Presidency?" I asked.

"My diary shows how I felt. I was alarmed—almost frightened. You see, we had been fighting eight years—twice as long as your recent war lasted. Things got worse after our victory than they had

(Continued on page 27)



Rome and Greece to find examples of thriving democratic republics."

"I don't know," replied General Washington. "You may search through my diaries and through the diaries and records of all the men of that time, and you will find no clear reason why we wanted a republic. A few of us had the idea that a monarchy was always an autocracy; but many of us believed that there was nothing wrong about a good king."

He added, thoughtfully:

"The hardest path for us to take and the most dangerous one was the republi-

SILHOUETTES OF THE GREAT AND THE NEAR-GREAT OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

Made by Major John André, the British Spy



B. Franklin

— André



Gen. Washington

— A —



Cap. Bator

— André



Dr. John Redmond



Cap. Cathcart

1778 — André



Major John André

1778 — André



Major André

1778



Major André

— André

THE reappearance of these silhouettes cut by Major John André affords an opportunity of placing on permanent record an interesting, historical contemporaneous addition to Revolutionary American portraiture. In addition to their romantic associations, coupled as these silhouettes are with the attractive personality of Major André and his tragic death as a British spy, they have an artistic value and importance as authentic and excellent life portraits. Those of Washington, Gates and Burgoyne corroborate splendidly other well-known portraits of these worthies; that of Franklin is by far the most human characterization of him that I have seen. André's own portrait is distinctive, as, aside from a miniature by himself and this silhouette, there is some doubt as to the other presentations supposed to represent him. Colonel Cathcart was an eminent English soldier in the War of Independence, and Doctor Phineas Bond was a physician of great repute in Philadelphia, an intimate friend of, and physician to, Washington.

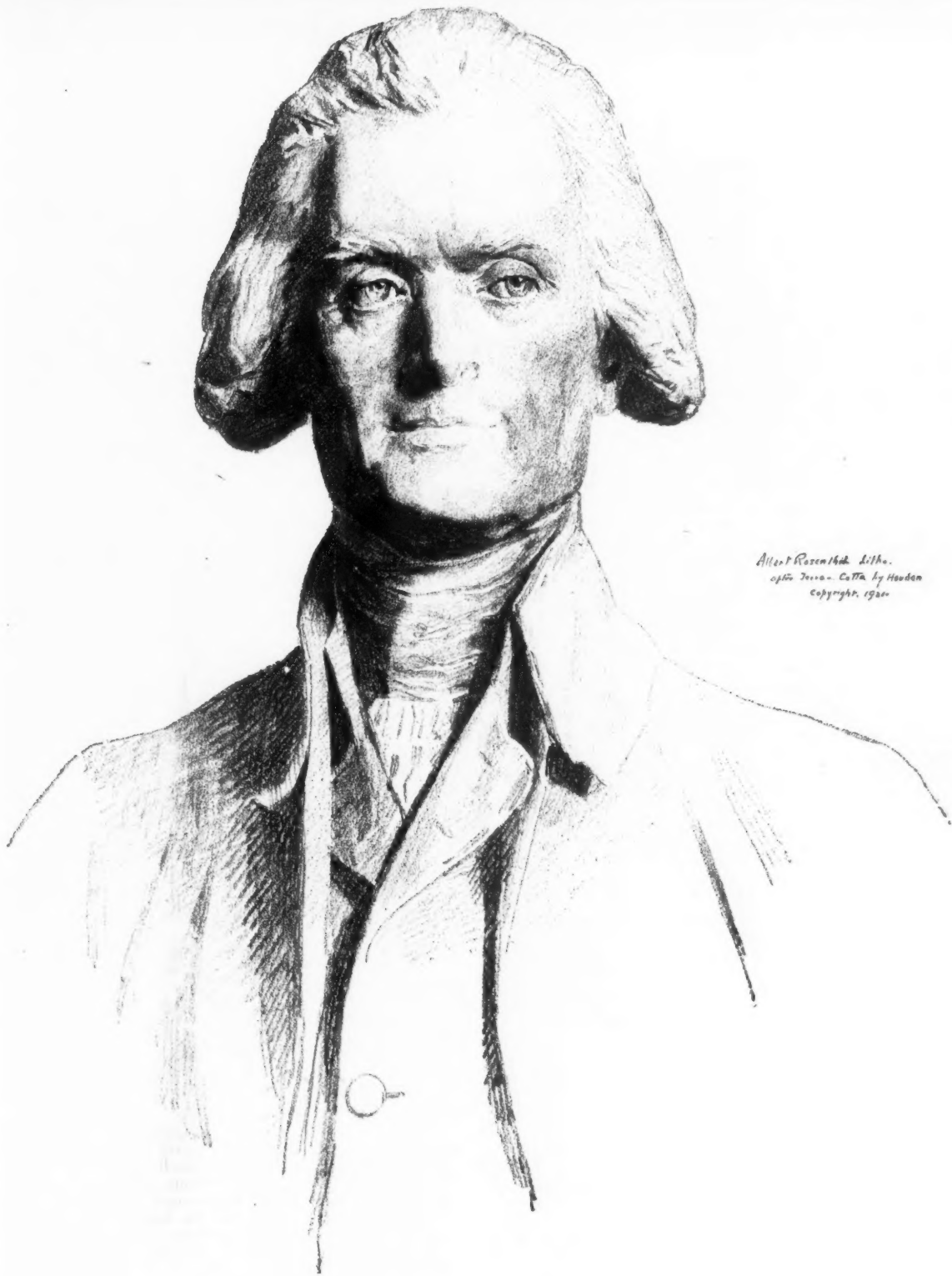
In Smith and Watson's "American Historical and Literary Curiosities"—Philadelphia, 1847—we learn that five of these silhouettes were reproduced with the statement "cut by Major André for Miss Rebecca Redmond." Miss Rebecca Redmond, one of the noted belles of the period, was a daughter of a well-known physician, Dr. John Redmond. Major André was the leader of the social world during the British occupation of Philadelphia. This will fix the date of the making of some of these silhouettes.

The historic fête called the "Mischianza" was conceived and staged, the costumes designed and scenery painted, by him. With his artistic talents he had literary attainments of no mean order. His appointment as Adjutant-General by General Sir Henry Clinton is testimony to his soldierly qualities.

His capture as a spy and subsequent trial and execution, was a source of as much regret to his American military judges as to the general public in England and America. This collection was purchased recently by Robert Friedenberg, Esq., of New York, and was included in a collection of letters of the Pennington family of Philadelphia.

Albert Rosenthal

COURTESY OF
ROBERT FRIEDENBERG, ESQ.



*Albert Rosenthal Litho.
after Terra-cotta by Houdon
Copyright, 1926*

Th. Jefferson

A sketch of Thomas Jefferson, made by Albert Rosenthal from a terra-cotta bust by Houdon. The great author of the Declaration of Independence (who was, if we do not consider a few verbal changes suggested

by Franklin and Adams, solely responsible for that famous document) was well over six feet tall—one of the most commanding figures that ever occupied the Presidential chair. He was born in 1743 and died July 4, 1826.

A TROPICAL TRAMP

By EDGAR YOUNG

Illustrated by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

DUSK had fallen in Guayaquil. In an hour the band would play and men were lighting the strings of paper lanterns that swung across the graveled pathways of the plaza from the trunks of swaying royal palms. A few couples were strolling.

A barefooted tatterdemalion came hobbling through the plaza from a side street, passing reluctantly underneath the lights. A face covered with matted gray beard showed underneath the ragged brim of a peaked straw hat. Below the fringes of his pantaloons the bare feet were swollen greatly. The man made his way slowly as if each step were a process of infinite pain.

As he did so his eyes roved searchingly toward the few who strolled on other paths. When he came out of the plaza on the other side he stopped and gazed across at the group of men who sat at tables in front of the Hotel Central. A babble of Spanish came to his ears. He grunted in feeble disappointment.

HE started to turn and retrace his steps when a portly man came out of the door and paused on the pavement to light a cigar. This man was dressed in a suit of white duck, Panama hat and tan shoes. He carried no cane, which bespoke the fact that he was neither an Ecuadorean nor an Englishman. The old man trembled as he surveyed him with eager eyes. As the other tossed the burned match away and came to the curb to look across at the gathering crowd in the plaza the tramp hobbled over to him.

Jim Brown did not notice the man until the latter stood peering up into his face. When he did look down at him from his great height he grunted with amazement. The mendicant had stretched forth a skinny hand and was mumbling a petition in Spanish. Brown reached in his trousers pocket, drew out a coin and was handing it over carelessly when he stopped suddenly. This gray-bearded, blue-eyed beggar was no native. He spoke poor Spanish, although he had mumbled enough of it to have deceived many. Jim Brown had been long in the tropics and he spoke Spanish as well as he did English. He pondered for an instant. He had come to know how foreigners mark their Spanish with accents, each race having special peculiarities. He could not be wrong. This uncouth beach-comber was none other than an American.

He stepped down and placed his hand on the old fellow's shoulder.

"You don't need to hide the fact from me that you are a gringo. I've been up and I've been down. I've begged many a feed and I've fed and rigged out men from Guatemala to Chile. I'm superintendent of a copper mine away back in the Andes and I'm flush and down here for an outing. But I haven't forgotten those times I was down and out

myself. I'm going to stake you. You can do what you want to with the money. I don't care."

He reached into his hip pocket and took out a fat bill-book. He stripped off five bills and placed them in the old man's hand.

"Here's fifty of Uncle Sam's dollars. That ought to make life look a little brighter."

The tramp's head dropped on his chest as his hand clutched the small fortune. His body shook with sobs. Finally he wiped his eyes on his sleeve and straightened up. He looked into Brown's face wistfully.

"You have it right. I am an American. I thought to pass for a native and get a few cents to buy food. You've been down. But you got up. You're a man and you've got nerve. I've none. I'm a coward, a yellow quitter. I haven't got the nerve of a rabbit. I've lost my nerve. I'm nothing, a nobody, a gray-headed old failure. I left the United States because I couldn't stand the pace. I can't stand it down here. My money ran out in Peru. I've wandered all the way here along the beach living like an animal on bananas and shell-fish and begging in the small ports. You're staking me too high. I ain't worth it. Take this back and give me a couple of dobie dollars."

Big Jim Brown laughed heartily. He waved back the hand that tried to force his money back on him.

"Pop, you're all o.k. A man feels that way when he gets down. I've seen the time I would sell my chances of ever amounting to anything for a dobie nickel. Go somewhere and get a bath and a shave and get rigged out. You won't hardly know yourself you'll feel so good. And if you feel like going to work meet me over at Duran in the morning."

Several of the natives had risen from their chairs and were watching the pair curiously. The beach-comber glanced hastily about and at the big man who patted him on the shoulder with no trace of embarrassment. His gaze dropped to his shabby raiment and bare feet.

"I'm a disgrace to be seen speaking to you. I'm off. Maybe I'll be at the train in the morning."

BROWN watched the tramp hobble across the street and skirt the outer edge of the plaza. The band struck up and the crowd began to stroll to the music. He took out another cigar and lit it and walked over to mix with the strolling dandies and smiling belles. He had helped a fellow man. A wave of pleasure surged over him. Around and around he walked. Lazy-eyed señoritas looked with frank admiration into his florid, beaming face. The fiddles wailed—palm fronds waved gently—the balmy breeze came up the Guayas from the sea—the moon of blazing silver rode high above the cathedral spire.

The band ceased playing. Brown drew out his watch and noted that the hour was late. And humming to himself he left the plaza and walked to his hotel and was soon snoring soundly.

IT was the following morning. The river launches were landing at Duran, across the Guayas from Guayaquil. In front of a small wooden railroad station a narrow-gauge train stood loading passengers and baggage. Peons were piling into the second-class cars, shouting and talking to each other good-naturedly. A few well-dressed high-class natives strolled down the platform and mounted to the first-class cars with the natural dignity of wealthy Latins on a journey.

A small old man dressed in a neat suit stood scanning the faces as the people came from the wharf to the station platform. He plucked at his cropped mustache and pointed Van Dyke nervously. He limped slightly as he took a few short paces back and forth. Big Jim Brown strode up the platform. As he passed, the little man touched him on the arm.

"Why, hello!" shouted Brown, laughing, "I didn't know you. Thought you were a tourist or something. Stay right here a minute and I'll get the tickets. The train is about due to go."

He swaggered into the station. When he came out the two of them entered the first-class coach and sought a seat. The train started with a jerk. Brown noted the embarrassment of the other man and grinned.

"By the way," he said carelessly, "what did you say your name was?"

The old man started slightly.

"Robert Zent."

Brown rubbed his hands together and chuckled. He was friendly to the core without a trace of snobbery in his body. He met every man as an equal. The fact that he had been chosen many times to handle other men and boss big jobs had been due to his overplus of strength and stamina. He was nothing more than a big boy in spite of the streaks of gray upon his temples.

He began chatting away and pointing out passing scenery as the train clattered around the ascending curves up the side of the mountain. As they made the switch-back around Devil's Nose, *Nariz del Diablo*, the huge jutting cliff that blocked the cañon, Brown told the story of how old "Chimborazo" Harmon had done a superhuman feat in constructing this railroad up over this place. Zent listened attentively, nodding and trying to smile. Brown turned and looked keenly into his face.

"Pop, you're sick. Better lie back in your seat and take a nap. You've had a pretty hard time of it. Trail-hitting must have come hard with you at your age."

(Continued on page 24)

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"You don't need to hide the fact from me that you are a gringo. I've been up and I've been down. I've begged many a feed and I've fed and rigged out men from Guatemala to Chile. I'm superintendent of a copper mine,

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"By the way," he said carelessly, "what did you say your name was?"

The old man started slightly.

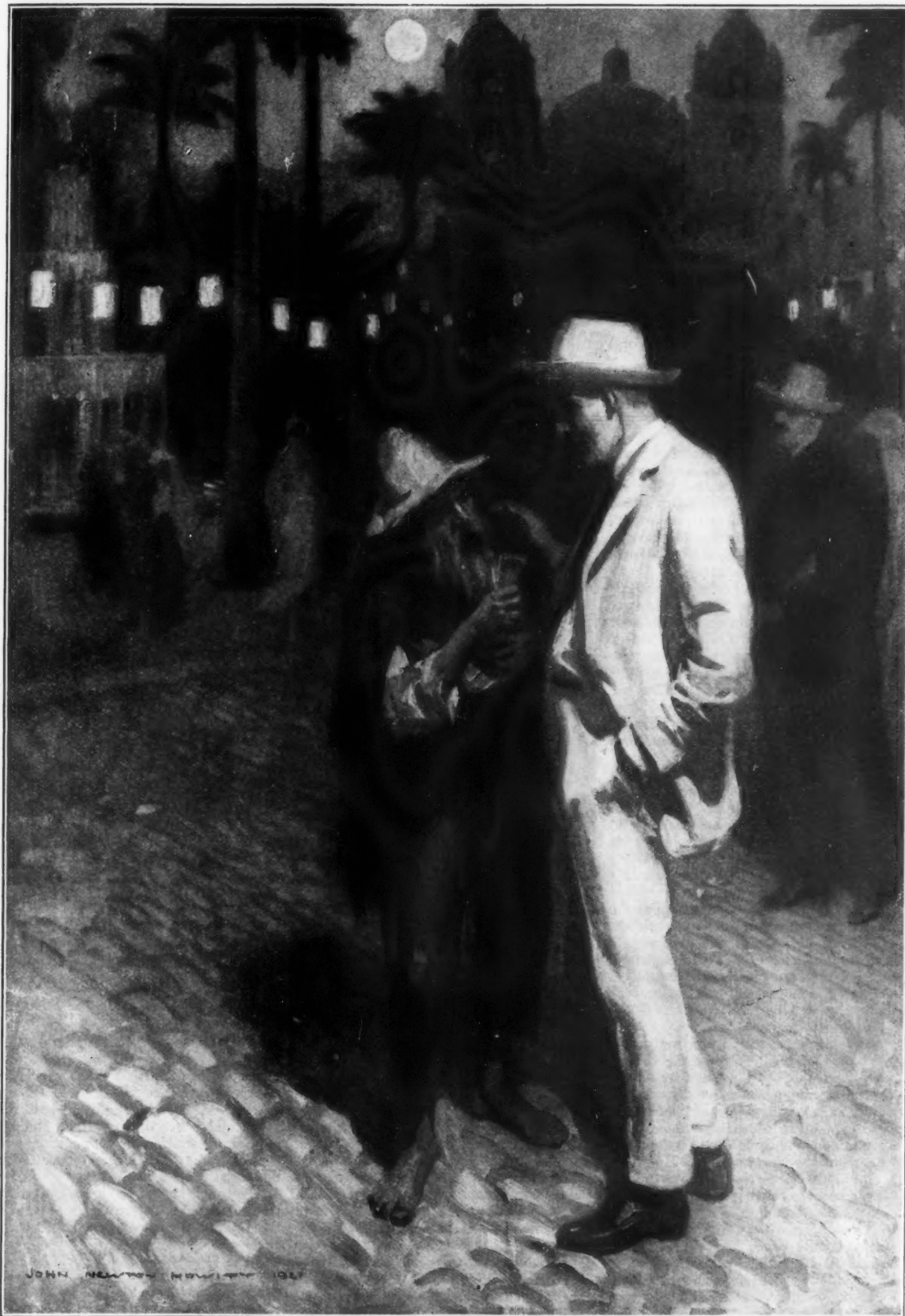
"Robert Zent."

Brown rubbed his hands together and chuckled. He was friendly to the core without a trace of snobbery in his body. He met every man as an equal. The fact that he had been chosen many times to handle other men and boss big jobs had been due to his overplus of strength and stamina. He was nothing more than a big boy in spite of the streaks of gray upon his temples.

He began chatting away and pointing out passing scenery as the train clattered around the ascending curves up the side of the mountain. As they made the switch-back around Devil's Nose, *Nariz del Diablo*, the huge jutting cliff that blocked the cañon, Brown told the story of how old "Chimborazo" Harmon had done a superhuman feat in constructing this railroad up over this place. Zent listened attentively, nodding and trying to smile. Brown turned and looked keenly into his face.

"Pop, you're sick. Better lie back in your seat and take a nap. You've had a pretty hard time of it. Trail-hitting must have come hard with you at your age."

(Continued on page 24)



"You don't need to hide the fact from me that you are a gringo. I've been up and I've been down. I've begged many a feed and I've fed and rigged out men from Guatemala to Chile. I'm superintendent of a copper mine,

away back in the Andes, and I'm flush and down here for an outing. But I haven't forgotten those times when I was down and out myself. I'm going to stake you. You can do what you want to with the money."



Danger! Although he hasn't assumed the conventional coiled posture, he is ready to strike.

WHEN one has tramped and camped in various portions of the United States, including California, Texas and Florida, without ever having seen a live rattlesnake outside of a cage it is startling to discover that the dreaded ophidians have a frontier within sight of Manhattan.

From the tower of the Woolworth Building on a clear day the rock scar on the face of Mt. Crotalus in the Ramapo range may be identified with the aid of binoculars. That gray ledge near the summit contains the den, the winter home, of every rattler that during the summer hunts its prey and avoids its enemies on the green slopes and the farms that encroach upon the mountain's base.

"Crotalus" is merely an alias provided for this particular over-grown hill by Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the New York Zoological Park. In order to protect its poisonous secrets he guards the real name in conversation almost as carefully as ever a pirate with a hidden store of treasure.

It is Dr. Ditmars's task to replace the snakes that succumb each year to the nibbling of cockroaches and lesser vermin in the reptile house cages. Therefore he is chary of revealing the hibernating places of these poisonous creatures lest they be visited by a band of farmers and destroyed with dynamite.

Every spring and fall the naturalist visits dens in the Ramapos, the Orange mountains, the Catskills, the Berkshires, and other ranges near New York. He travels in an automobile, but looks forward to the time when he can land in an airplane on the tops of the mountains where he does his hunting. He wears leather puttees, carries a heavy muslin sack, a couple of forked sticks, some first-aid remedies, and a few sandwiches. Returning, he always brings a bag of writhing, angry specimens, among them sometimes a great, five-foot fellow as thick as a bank-clerk's arm, with inch-long fangs, a dozen rattles and a hideous disposition.

"Wear leggings" was his only suggestion when he agreed to take me with him and Arthur Gillam on an expedition



KAPLAN PHOTO SERVICE

Climbing to the den of the rattlers, which, when the weather is fine, may easily be seen through binoculars from the roof of one of the great skyscrapers in New York City.

after rattlers. A Sunday morning had been selected for the hunt. The Erie railroad train during the hour-long ride from Jersey City was filled with boy scouts, fishermen and girls with cob-webbed ankles offering a tempting bite to any snake, all seeking contact with the gorgeous hills so near and yet seemingly remote from the crowded city.

Dr. Ditmars was waiting at the little Ramapo town station with his machine, his wife and his father-in-law. That was reassuring. The discovery that they were going along made the trip seem a trifle less comparable to flirting with death. The motor car was left beneath a tree on the outskirts of the town and then, following a winding road carelessly surfaced with rounded boulders, we began the ascent of the mountain.

BAGGING RATTLESNAKES WITHIN SIGHT OF MANHATTAN

*A Thrilling Sunday Picnic with New York's
Curator of Reptiles*

By BOYDEN R. SPARKES

The road soon degenerated into parallel wagon-wheel tracks, on either side of which were trees with trunks shrouded in a rank growth of weeds, underbrush and flowers. At the edge of the road the delicate lavender tints of wild geraniums bid for admiration in competition with the blossoms of blackberry-bushes and blood-red wintergreen.

The rough face of the ledge containing the rattlesnake den was visible above the tops of the trees, when Dr. Ditmars suggested a rest.

"This is part of an old rock slide from the ledge at the summit," he explained as he sent an explorative stick into a crack beneath the flat rock he had selected for a seat.

"Better be sure than sorry," he added as an explanation for the stick. "It is

warm today and many of the rattlers have left the den for the summer. Some of them may have got down to this level. Anyway; it is always advisable to keep a sharp lookout for them beneath the edges of rocks. The rattler conceals himself there, because he feels safer from hungry hawks, turkey buzzards, and eagles.

"A rattler will be sunning himself on a rock and one of the birds, spying him, will drop with the speed of a bullet, talons extended and beak open. The crunch of the closing talons severs the vertebrae in the snake's neck. The knife-like beak puts the head out of service. Then the big bird flies off with a fine five-foot meal, and what it doesn't devour immediately is stored away in a cool spot for future meals. I have sometimes found the partially consumed reptile carcasses and have observed the owners wheeling jealously overhead. I assume they avoid the venom when they dine."

Fifteen minutes more of climbing

itous, rocky ledge that rose three hundred feet to the crescent-shaped mesa at the top of the mountain and curved for three times that distance about its side, Gillam volunteered to reconnoiter. He is an advertising man when he isn't exploring these snake apartment houses. He is short, stockily built, and possesses exceptionally strong hands which he delights to oppose against the constricting muscles of reptiles.

Standing ankle-deep in dead, brown leaves that carpeted a shallow crevasse between two flat rocks, he casually remarked:

"Here's a rattler."

The statement was sandwiched in between equally casual remarks



"The snake's head was held fast, but the rest of that limber creature writhed and twisted until it seemed that the head would be separated from the body."



While Mrs. Ditmars holds the sack, Dr. Ditmars prepares to drop his prisoner in. Handling snakes is not difficult—for Dr. Ditmars and his associates who have studied reptiles for years.

paid no attention, apparently, to the possibilities of sudden death lurking on all sides.

"This little fellow isn't worth bothering about," said Gillam, and poked his forked stick at the mottled coils. With the speed of a whip-lash the young rattler disappeared into a crack between two rocks.

"Probably born late last year," calculated Gillam, and resumed his climb.

A few yards above this we came upon the mouth of a cave. Gillam identified it as the main entrance to the rattlers' den. It was a pitch-black triangular hole large enough to admit the body of any fool who might have dared to enter on his hands and knees. I had no desire to explore it and accepted Gillam's word that it probably penetrated the ledge for fifty or sixty feet. I have seen gold mines in the Sierras with entrances that were smaller and less convenient.

Truly this was a cavern of death. Gillam said that in other years he had seen rattlers stretched out in the entrance to that awful place in such numbers that they suggested an armful of faggots carelessly tossed there.

"There are other entrances to this den," he said, "many of them, in fact. But I should say this was the principal one. There are caves all about us. The rattlers, of course, just take their dens as they find them and, so far as I know, have no nest-building instinct."

No more snakes were encountered on the way to the top of the ledge. From a jutting rock there a gorgeous green valley, set between three long ridges and unmarred by habitations, was spread out.

Pointing to a gray cloud-bank to the south Dr. Ditmars said: "Beyond there is Manhattan. If it were clear you could see the Woolworth Tower. This is a beautiful spot, eh? Well, you'll never climb to a rattler den without finding a prospect just as glorious. I don't know that they select their dens with an eye to scenery. I think it is merely a question of safety, remoteness from humanity. But nevertheless every snake den I have

(Continued on page 26)

brought us to a level patch of woods that reached to the very base of the sinister ledge. This was truly no man's land, so that one had to curb a strong instinct to keep from lifting feet absurdly high in walking.

"Try to avoid stepping on any specimens," said Dr. Ditmars.

I promised earnestly to make the effort, but as every step meant sinking a heavily booted foot out of sight in the yielding carpet of the forest I entertained grave doubts of success.

"It is very unlikely that the fangs of a Northern rattler would penetrate your boot," continued the naturalist, "although those of a full-grown Florida specimen might do so. But stepping on them, even so, is a trifle risky. Besides, it would injure them."

Approaching the base of the precip-

about the Erie train service. He continued to talk about the Erie, but neither by hand nor eye betrayed the location of his find.

"Pardon me, did you say you had seen a rattler?"

"Yep. Within five feet of where you are standing." Mr. Gillam was enjoying this game, but he was playing solitaire. After the elapse of an eon or two he pointed in front of him. Coiled among the leaves in a miniature arena formed by three rocks, each about the size of a man's head, was a baby rattler. His tail was vibrating silently; his head was held a scant inch from the ground.

"A yearling," said Gillam. "No rattles; just a button."

Dr. Ditmars ignored all this and continued to climb. Now and again he cautioned Mrs. Ditmars not to slip. They

AMONG the most startling phenomena which have ever been observed are those recently obtained and photographed by Dr. W. J. Crawford, in connection with a young "psychic," Miss Goligher, of Glasgow, Scotland. The results are, indeed, of so startling a nature as to seem scarcely credible; and it is only because of the known sincerity and caution of the author that one is compelled to consider these results seriously. They appear, however, extremely well authenticated.

Dr. Crawford began his investigations several years ago. Miss Goligher is a private person, taking no money for her séances. In her presence, tiltings and then complete "levitations" of a table are observed; also "raps" and movements of objects in various parts of the room. The utmost precautions against fraud were taken, and anyone reading Dr. Crawford's accounts must agree that it seems, under the circumstances, impossible.

The subject was placed upon a spring balance—chair and all. Now, when the table was lifted or "levitated," it was found that the medium increased in weight by exactly the weight of the table; she weighed, that is, that much more. There was, therefore, some connection between her body and the table. What was it? Nothing visible could be seen or felt. Strings, rods, etc., passed



"Eventually a faint, filmy structure was seen."

PHOTOGRAPHING THE "SUPERNATURAL"

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, PH. D.

Illustrations from "The Psychic Structures at the Goligher Circle"
by W. J. CRAWFORD, D. SC.

between the medium's body and the table discovered nothing solid or tangible. Some immaterial structure was evidently operating. What was the nature and structure of this immaterial lever?

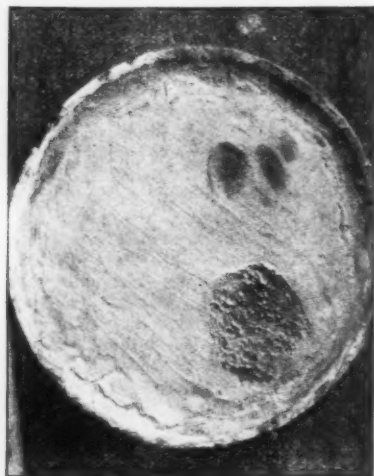
A long time was devoted to this investigation. The result, briefly, was this: That a sort of psychic arm or lever issued from the medium's body and, passing under the table, gripped it from below and, exerting an upward pressure, raised the table.

Such a structure was subsequently proved to exist, by ingenious tests. At times, it was even felt by the hands, and was described as "slimy" and "reptilian" to the touch. Nevertheless, several years went by before this psychic structure became even faintly visible in the red light,

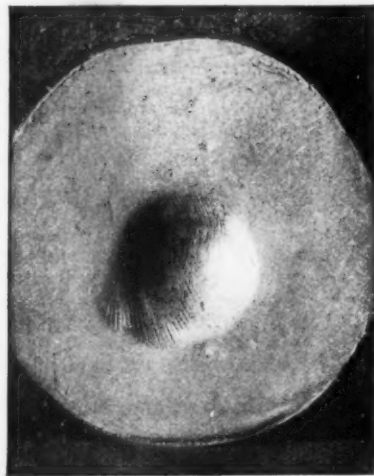
which was admitted in the séance room.

Eventually a faint, filmy structure was seen. It was practically transparent. Later on it became more solid and opaque, and attempts were made to photograph this psychic lever by means of flashlights. No success was obtained at first; but, later on, a number of successful photographs were obtained of this substance, and a few of these are reproduced herewith, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* being the first magazine to publish reproductions of these astonishing pictures in this country.

It will be seen that the material forming these "psychic arms" issues from various parts of the medium's body, and attaches itself to the underside of the séance table, which is subsequently lifted. The substance is white, and looks like thin veiling or chiffon, though it appears at times more like stringy membrane. In this it resembles the "plasm" observed by Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, in the case of his medium, "Eva C." Here, also, a membranous substance is seen to issue from the body and visibly form itself into heads, hands, faces and bits of bodies; and then re-dissolve into the body of the medium. Flashlight photographs and even moving pictures have been taken of this process, and small bits of the "substance" have even been obtained and subjected to microscopic analysis, and these micro-



It is claimed that the markings shown to the right and left of this caption were made by psychic forces during a séance where Miss Goligher, of Glasgow, Scotland, was the medium. The substance upon which the impressions appear is clay. Apparently the thing that produces "spirit rappings" and other psychic phenomena can be photographed.



photographs have been published. The substance in question presents the appearance of a curious hodge-podge of cells, more resembling a tumor-growth than anything else one can think of.

Those who may be tempted to believe that this "substance"—shown in the accompanying photographs—is real, material stuff, fraudulently produced, and not "psychic" in origin, must remember that it took several years before this material became visible at all, and that it then only became so gradually, and the whole process of "condensation," as it were, could be seen going on. It has gradually evolved from nothing, through a mist-like consistency, into the solid matter we see before us. Also, anyone reading the reports will see that all possible means to prevent fraud were apparently taken; and, further, that this substance resembles in a striking manner the "plasm" obtained through other psychics within the past few years, which closely resembles it in general appearance and in structure also.

Furthermore—and this is very striking indeed—the body of the medium seems actually to fall away, as these psychic structures are made or extruded from her! The psychic structures thus appear to be a part of her own body, exteriorized into space. This falling away of the body could be felt very clearly during the progress of the séance. Writing of this in his book "Psychic Structures at the Goligher Circle" (E. P. Dutton and Co., N. Y., 1921), Dr. Crawford says:

"The medium was sitting on a chair



A table tilted and held in position by a braced cantilever constructed of "plasm," the intangible, whitish substance which at times emanates from certain persons and plays pranks that cause even the most skeptical to wonder.

placed on the platform weighing-machine. I asked the operators to take psychic matter from her in the ordinary way. I put my hand on the lower part of her back just above the buttocks. The rise and fall of her flesh was very apparent, as psychic matter was supposed to be taken from her and put back. I put my hand on her haunches just above the seat of her chair. The flesh seemed to become soft and cave in. The medium did not seem to move bodily, but her flesh seemed to fall in. It could be distinctly felt filling out as the psychic stuff apparently returned to her . . . I then placed my hand across the medium's thighs as she remained in the position just described. I asked the operators to remove and return psychic matter from her body. When this process was going on I could feel a distinct fall and rise of the flesh in the thighs . . . While psychic action was going on, parts of the flesh seemed to cave in. As the psychic stuff came back, little round lumps could be felt filling in on the backs of the thighs. This also is the case on the interior of the thighs."

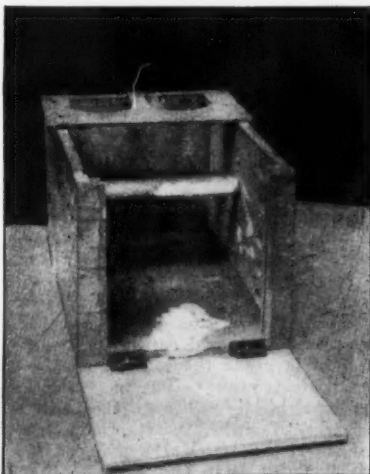
The box at the left was used to hold fast the medium's feet during an interesting test recently held. Clay was placed near the box, and the medium so tied that she could not move. Spirit impressions were made in the clay, and at the end of the seance it was discovered that the imprisoned shoes of the medium (at the right) were badly soiled with clay!

These, are, perhaps, the most striking and remarkable phenomena which have ever been observed, under the strict test conditions imposed; and the photograph of the "plasm" extruded from the medium's body represents a distinct forward step in psychic investigation. The photographs show us the steps which science could make, if it but deigned to investigate this much-despised and neglected field, and once again emphasize the very great necessity and importance of a properly endowed and equipped "psychical laboratory," for the foundation of which I have been contending for a number of years!

One of the most interesting tests to which Miss Goligher was put was that in which the upper part of her body was securely held while her feet were fastened equally securely in a [small wooden box, a picture of which is shown on this page. At a distance of several feet from the medium a quantity of soft clay, such as is used for obtaining impressions of "spirit rappings," was placed. There was apparently, no possible way in which Miss Goligher could reach the clay. At the end of the séance it was discovered

that not only had a number of spirit impressions been made, but, in addition, Miss Goligher's shoes were badly soiled with clay! It is maintained by Dr. Crawford that the "lever" which emerged from the body of the medium caused the psychic manifestations and, in addition, carried back to the medium's shoes some of the clay it had reached out to touch.

Of course there will be many who will remain skeptical, which, in view of the many past frauds, is not surprising.





A gas demonstration in France. In the "next war" enormous areas will be drenched with fumes infinitely more deadly than anything heretofore used.

VIVIAN B. PRINGLE

WILL THERE BE A "NEXT WAR?"

*Question Raised by Will Irwin's
Book and the Big Fight*

By WILLIAM SLAVENS
McNUTT

“THE next war!” All over the world people are talking about it. Armies are drilling in preparation for it. Airmen are evolving new stunts, ways and means of dealing death from the sky. Nations are building dreadnoughts of enormous size and at the same time experimenting with submersible craft and with aerial torpedoes directed by wireless which bid fair to perform feats of destruction that will render the costly floating forts as useless in a modern sea battle as a wooden frigate of the olden time.

“The next war!” All over the world men and women are living in the shadow cast by fear of the event. Diplomats are scheming for advantages of alliance when the next war breaks. Chemists are experimenting with poison vapors and bacteriologists are breeding deadly germs to

do the work that has hitherto been accomplished by sword and shell, by bullet and bayonet.

Keep that last statement in mind. In that statement I believe there lie the psychological bacilli that may grow and spread and ultimately destroy the war-breeding germs that remain alive and active in the world's mind.

In the past when one preached preparedness one spread the gospel of young men trained mentally and physically for a sort of super-athletic event; for a contest in which physical skill, endurance and courage were assayed in the fire of a supreme effort.

The earnest apostle of that gospel had in his heart a great pride in the potentialities of courage, skill and strength that dwelt in the persons of his conationals. He believed that with a proper training the youth of his country could out-game and outwit the youth of any other country of equal population.

The American believed that he could come to grips with any foreigner and beat him; that he could lie in a gun-pit and out-shoot him; out-game and out-pound him in an artillery duel; better him in endurance in a test of courage and patience.

Always, all over the world, with the thought of war there has been the thought of dramatic spectacular heroism; the sporting thrill that comes when war is dramatized in the imagination; when the mind's eye sees a line of grim men charging through rolling ground-clouds of

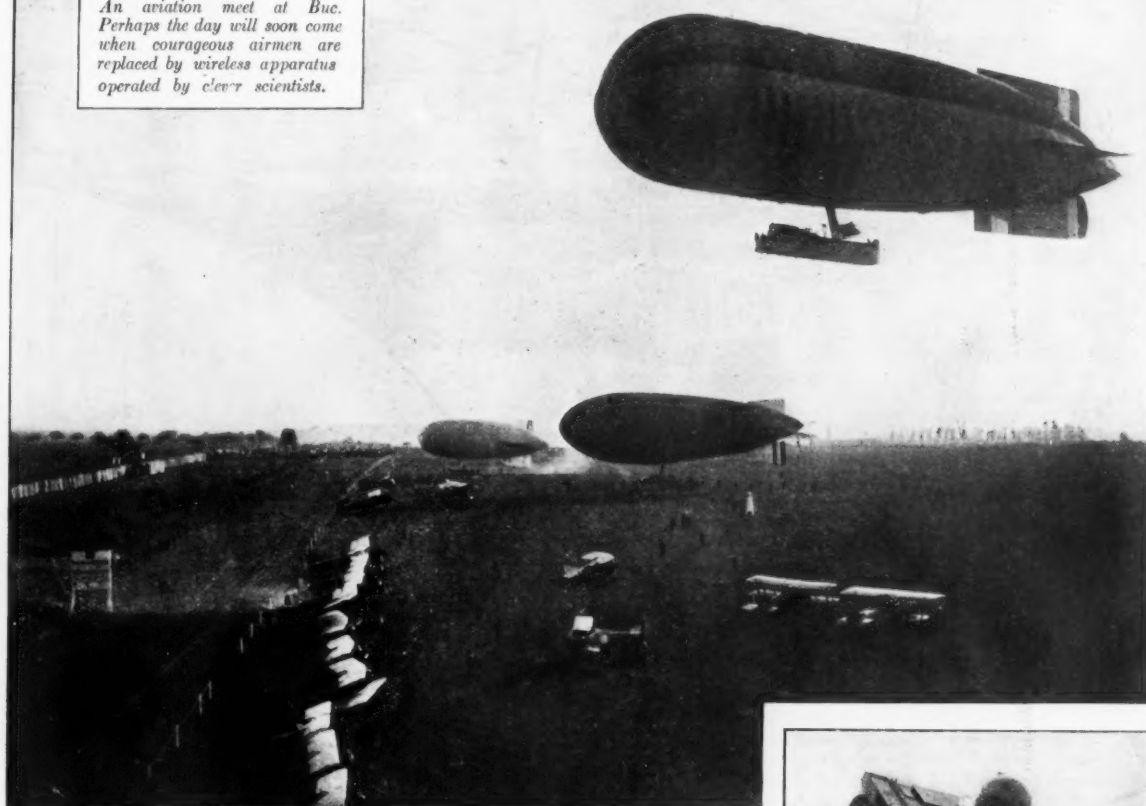
smoke, bursts of flame and a rain of singing steel.

The World War was not lacking in spectacular conflict of armed man with armed man. In trench raids, on night patrols, in the great “pushes” of the war, men came to grips, fought with bayonet and revolver and bomb, stayed at machine-guns until stabbed or shot by an enemy that came on in rushes, an enemy that ducked and crawled and charged, pitting cunning and strength and marksmanship against equivalent qualities in the foe.

I once saw the infantry of two American divisions charge in the open in broad daylight. Thrill? I can testify that the intensity of the thrill that was experienced during a half-hour of observation robbed me of a considerable capacity for keen reaction to the spectacular and heroic in action. The normal emotion of years was spent in that marvelous half-hour.

The thrill that I experienced in watching that battle in the open was emotionally akin to the reaction I experience in watching a football game, a stirring quarter-mile foot-race, a wrestling match or a prize-fight. Intensified a thousand times, of course, and enriched with the pride of race and the conviction of national righteousness, but nevertheless emotional blood-brother to the thrill I feel when I watch two thoroughbreds come down the stretch neck and neck in a driving finish. The thrill of a sporting

An aviation meet at Buc.
Perhaps the day will soon come
when courageous airmen are
replaced by wireless apparatus
operated by clever scientists.



KEYSTONE

event, of brain and brawn striving to the utmost in competition with striving brain and brawn.

"The Next War!" Will Irwin has written a book on that subject and bearing that title. It is, I think, the best bit of war correspondence yet written. In that book Will Irwin, a war correspondent who told the world of the last war from Belgium in 1914 to the Argonne in 1918, gives the world an advance description of "The Next War."

Irwin does not speak as a theorist. He knows what war was; he knows what war will be. He knows and says that never again will a war correspondent see what I saw from a hillside overlooking the Ourcq when two infantry divisions charged an open slope in full daylight; that never again will the sporting quality be an element of warfare; that never again will war be brawn and brain and courage matched against equivalent qualities in a foe.

"The Next War," if there be one, will be a matter of cold, premeditated murder done in cold blood by be-spectacled chemists and bacteriologists in laboratories, and electricians sitting before boards of keys and levers and buttons. It will be killing, killing of women and children and old people and babes, killing at long range by means of poison gas and loathsome disease germs, by flame and lethal rays. It will be a war waged with the weapons of the snake and the spider, of the filthy disease germ and the crawling louse.

Irwin traces the history of the old warfare from the time when a caveman who wanted a wife got a club and used it on the head of some caveman who had a wife on up to the time of war's greatest glorification by the German rulers—and by the aristocracy of many other countries as well. He describes the beginning of the World War, the nations all armed to the teeth.

"But the principle—the method of killing a man in war remained the same—hit him with something hard."

He refers to April 22, 1915, as a date as significant in our annals as October 12, 1492, or July 4, 1776.

"That day the Germans rolled across the western trench line a cloud of iridescent chlorine gas which sent French, Arab, English and Canadian soldiers by the thousands back to the hospital, coughing and choking themselves to death from rotted, inflamed lungs."

The release of that cloud of gas marked the end of all agreements, all rules of warfare that had been established in the centuries following the wholesale butcheries of barbarism.

"The Germans had found a new method with enormous possibilities for killing men. This weapon was powerful enough to win the war if the Allies refused to reply in kind. They did reply in kind. From that moment, to use the language of the street, the lid was off. Nations, instead of merely armies, were now mobilized for war. Those great and



INTERNATIONAL

One of our new caterpillar tanks. Owing to the recent discovery of various frightful and extremely effective methods of snuffing out human lives in wholesale numbers, such "modern" developments as tanks, motorized field-pieces, etc., will shortly be looked upon as antiquated.

little scientific minds, engaged hitherto in searching for abstract truth or in multiplying the richness of life or the wealth of nations, could be turned towards the invention of means of destruction whether they wished or no. A new area of human consciousness was brought to fruition. A new power in men was loosed, and this one most sinister."

The scientists of the nations then devoted themselves to the task of discovering ways to kill that would make the strong arm, the true eye, the agile

(Continued on page 20)

SEEING JACK DEMPSEY AT A DOLLAR

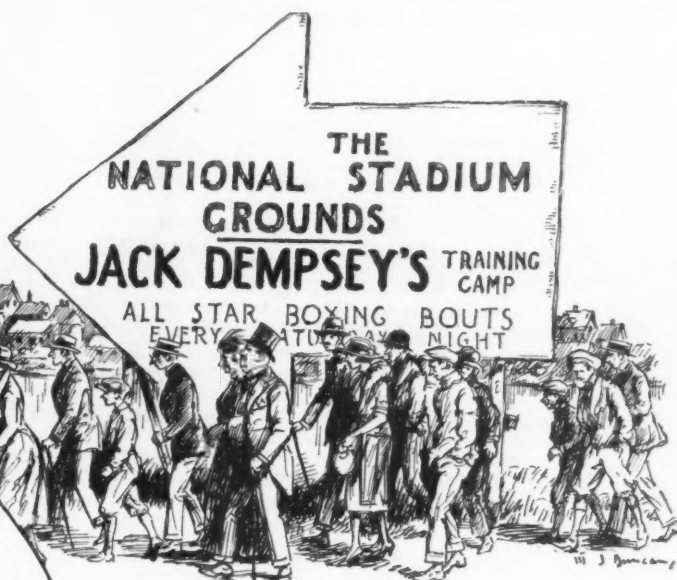
IT was as easy to get into Dempsey's training-camp at Atlantic City as it was hard to penetrate Carpentier's mysterious seclusion at Manhasset—that is, if you had a dollar. At the quaint, quiet farm among the trees down on Long Island where the French challenger was training there were high fences, barbed-wire barricades and husky guards to keep you out unless you were a newspaperman or were otherwise properly accredited, and it was an "open day." But down at Atlantic City it was different. Amid the blare and whirl of the great seaside resort Jack Dempsey's preparations for the Big Fight were an open book, his training-camp was in the vibrant center of the publicity spotlight, and all comers were welcomed to its high-tensioned precincts—at \$1 a head. At the top left, Mr. Duncan pictures the ugly, unattractive approach to Dempsey's camp, and at the top right a glimpse of the crowd of fistic fans on the way there. During the weeks of Dempsey's training all roads at Atlantic City led to his camp and it proved a veritable gold mine to him and Jack Kearns, his astute manager. On the other hand, Descamps sought privacy for Carpentier's training and passed up a fortune in rubbernecker's money by isolating the Frenchman's camp at inconspicuous Manhasset.



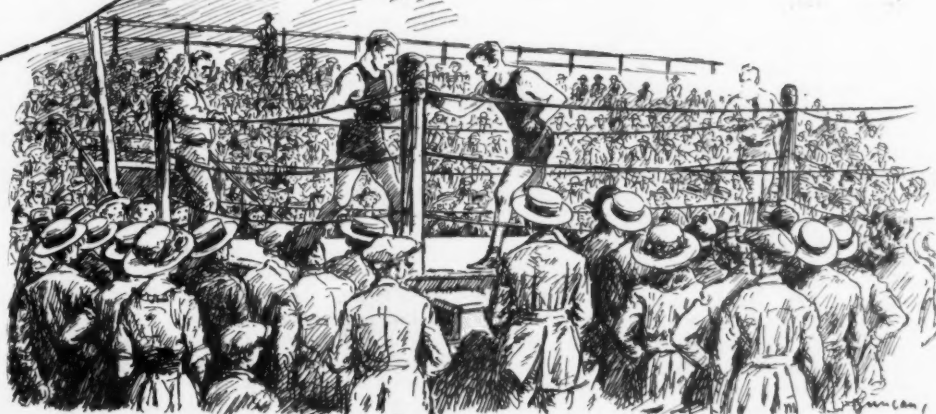
IT was one of the events of the day at Atlantic City when Jack Dempsey walk, which is pictured by Mr. Duncan. No monarch of the Old World reading Riviera created half the flutter that Jack he sallied forth on his daily training jaunt. A sweater he strode along, tailed by youngsters who hailed him as "The Champ." All eyes in the passing, pausing throng of the world-old fighting spirit of which McNutt writes so vividly in his "Will War?" on the adjacent pages of this

DEMPSEY TRAIN— LLAR A HEAD

*Drawn Especially for LESLIE'S
by Walter Jack Duncan*



AT the gate of the enclosure that surrounded the Dempsey camp you elbowed your way among the mixed motley throng of dollar-rubbernecks. There were celebrities and near-celebrities, sports and sportettes, flappers and matrons, some clergymen from a convention in session, a knot of soldiers, a swarm of just plain curiosity-satisfiers; in fact, about every known variety of Boardwalker was represented in the crowd. Inside, if you got there at the right time, you joined the crush at the hangar in one corner to watch Dempsey do his routine of calisthenics, dance around in a set-of shadow-boxing, and then give you a sample of what he had in store for Carpentier as he delivered a terrific fusillade of lefts and rights at the punching-bags. Outside in the open ring, if it was on the training schedule, you climbed into one of the arena seats with the rest of the surging crowd and watched Dempsey through several rounds of real ring action with one of his sparring partners. It was a case of "open training, openly arrived at"—and publicity galore—at a dollar a head, and Atlantic City fight-fans were "in clover."



ts of the day along the Boardwalk
n Jack Dempsey went out for his
y Mr. Duncan in the center penshot.
World reading the esplanades of the
flutter that Jack Dempsey did as
ily training jaunt. Muffled up in
ng, trailed by a covey of adoring
a as "The Champeen"; the focus of
causing throng; the personification
spirit of which William Slavens
y in his "Will There Be a 'Next
pages of this issue of LESLIE'S.

Will There Be a "Next War"?—(Continued from page 17)

body, the bravery of fighting men of no avail.

"American ingenuity solved the problem," Irwin writes. "At the time of the Armistice we were manufacturing for the campaign of 1919 our Lewisite gas. It was invisible; it was a sinking gas which would search out the refugees of dugouts and cellars; if breathed it killed at once—and it killed not only through the lungs. Wherever it settled on the skin it produced a poison which penetrated the system and brought almost certain death. It was inimical to all cell life, animal or vegetable. Masks alone were of no use against it. Further it had fifty-five times the spread of any poison gas hitherto used in the war. An expert has said that a dozen Lewisite air bombs of the greatest size in use during 1918 might, with a favorable wind, have eliminated the population of Berlin. Possibly he exaggerated, but probably not greatly. The Armistice came; but gas research went on. Now we have more than a hint of a gas beyond Lewisite. It cannot be much more deadly; but in proportion to the amount of chemical which generates it, the spread is far greater. A mere capsule of this gas in a small grenade can generate square rods and even acres of death in the absolute . . ."

He tells of the invention of the airplane steered by wireless; of the possibilities of gas spread by aircraft thus controlled, cruising the skies without a human pilot and carrying the death of thousands; carrying it to cities hundreds of miles back of the front to be dealt out wholesale by the twitch of a key in a quiet room distant by leagues of river, mountain and plain; dealt to helpless women and children, the old and feeble, to all who live in the enemy land. He quotes Brigadier-General Mitchell of the United States Army in testimony before a Congressional Committee: "A few planes could visit New York as the central point of a territory 100 miles square every eight days and drop enough gas to keep the entire area inundated . . . 200 tons of phosgene gas could be laid every eight days and would be enough to kill every inhabitant."

Captain Bradner, Chief of Research of the Chemical Warfare Service, is quoted as follows: "One plane carrying two tons of the liquid (a certain gas-generating compound) could cover an area 100 feet wide and 7 miles long and deposit enough material to kill every man in that area by action on his skin . . . If Germany had had 4,000 tons of this

material and 300 or 400 airplanes equipped in this way for its distribution, the entire First American Army would have been annihilated in 10 or 12 hours."

Brevet Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, winner in England this year of the Gold Medal of the Royal United Service Institution for his essay on the warfare of the future, is quoted as saying: "It is quite conceivable that many gases may be discovered which will penetrate all known gas armor. As there is no reason why one man should not release 100 cylinders simultaneously there is no reason why he should not release several million; in fact these might be released in England today electrically by a one-armed cripple sitting in Kamchatka directly his indicator denoted a favorable wind."

Major-General E. D. Swinton of the British Army, noted as the "Father of the Tank," is quoted as expressing belief in

ceivable that a normal American might boast of his ability to best a foreigner with bullet or bayonet, with grenade or cannon. Is it conceivable that that same normal American could boast of his superior ability to spread the germs of a horrible disease in a foreign country, killing his thousands upon thousands of civilians, men, women and children? That he could take pride in his capacity to deal death indiscriminately by means of poison gas carried hundreds of miles through the air in a machine without a pilot directed from a remote wireless operating room?

The spirit of war is fed by pride of ability in armed combat where men kill others by hitting them with "something hard." Can it exist on pride of ability to poison wholesale?

Emotion is as necessary to the waging of war as guns and bullets have been in the past. Germany's emotional preparation

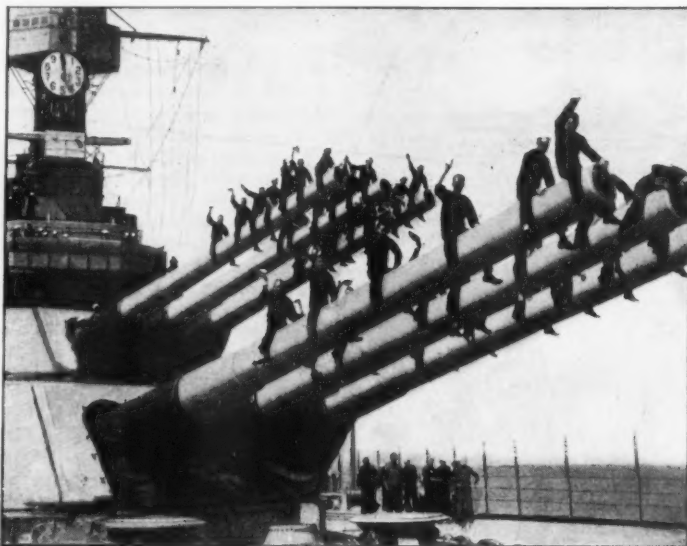
of her people was as complete a process as her physical preparation. To create the army that was loosed in 1914 Germany was compelled to wage a preliminary campaign of propaganda at home that lasted for forty years; propaganda that had as its one purpose the creation of emotion. The success of that propaganda was based on the dramatization of a warfare in which Germans hit foreigners "with something hard." Could the use of invisible poisons distributed by machines have been the basis of a propaganda capable of arousing that emotion without which war cannot be made?

At the present time I am writing stories for a news syndicate about two men who are going to have a little war of their own on the 2nd of July—Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey. I go to see Carpentier train in his quarters on Long Island and write of what I see there. I visit Dempsey at his camp in Atlantic City and write of his daily activities. More than a hundred reporters from all parts of the country are daily visiting Georges Carpentier or Jack Dempsey and writing voluminously of what they see. They will continue to write of these two men up to and including the day of the battle.

Every day scores of millions of people in this country and Europe read what these men write of these two battlers in training.

At the ringside on the 2nd of July there will be more than 1000 reporters and special writers from all over the world to tell the people of all the world what

(Concluded on page 34)



INTERNATIONAL

The Tennessee was the first American warship to carry 16-inch guns. Here are a few of her "American beauties." Powerful? Certainly; but a few drops of any one of half a dozen modern gases would terminate their activities in thirty seconds. Even our great dreadnoughts may be scrapped in a few years and other implements of destruction substituted.

the possibility of the development of a lethal ray which will shrivel up, paralyze or poison human beings, and further: "The final form of human strife, as I regard it, is germ warfare. I think it will come to that; and so far as I can see there is no reason why it should not. . . . We must envisage these new forms of warfare, and as far as possible expend energy, time and money in encouraging our inventors to study the waging of war on a wholesale scale instead of . . . thinking so much about methods that will kill a few individuals only at a time."

The Next War, as Irwin forecasts it, will be a struggle lacking in one element that has been prominent in all other conflicts since time began, the element of physical strife between man and man, the test of bodily skill and strength, of courage and endurance; the sporting element; the element that is possible of dramatization in such manner that it rouses pride and concomitant hatred. It is con-



UNDERWOOD

It isn't necessary to bet on a race to enjoy it. Who, for example, could witness a driving finish of this sort without at least having a strong inclination to rise and shout? The picture was taken at Belmont Park

recently when R. T. Wilson's Manna won by a nose, and Harry Payne Whitney's Pastoral, the favorite, finished fifth. Today, racing—clean, well-conducted racing—is more popular than it has ever been before.

THE SPORT OF KINGS "COMES BACK"

Man-O-War's Record Has Put Horse-Racing in the Forefront of American Pastimes

By EDWIN A. GOEWY



CENTRAL NEWS

The greatest of them all
—Man-o'-War.

THE American thoroughbred has regained his laurels and today, in the United States, racing is enjoying its greatest vogue.

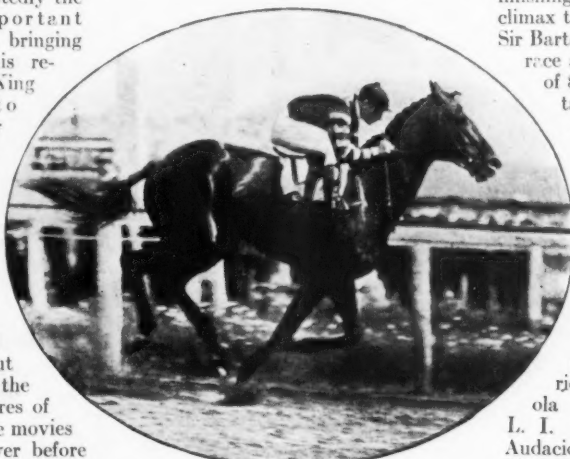
Undoubtedly the most important factor in bringing about this return of King Horse to popular

The fact that a single horse was able to give racing such a pronounced boost has had parallels in other sports. Take baseball, in which Babe Ruth, with his home-run record, was able to draw to the ball parks hundreds of thousands who paid their money just to see him in action.

There is no question, too, that tennis enjoys a new impetus because of the victorious play last year of William T. Tilden 2nd, of Philadelphia, and William M. Johnson, of California, in England.

In 1920, between January 1 and October 15, Man-o'-War won \$166,140 for finishing first in eleven races, and as a climax to his season defeated the mighty Sir Barton in a mile-and-a-quarter match race at Windsor, Canada, for a purse of \$75,000 and a \$5,000 cup, winner take all. Before 20,000 spectators Man-o'-War came in first by seven lengths in 2m. 3s., three seconds slower than the record made by Whisk Broom II in 1913. The famous Kummer rode the winner.

And this year's accomplishments are already justifying the popular interest in the American track. None has been more spectacular than the run of five-year-old Audacious, ridden by Kummer, in the Mineola Handicap, at Belmont Park, L. I. In this race, held on June 1, Audacious, which is owned by Mrs. Wilfred Vian, stepped the mile in the astounding time of 1.35 3-5, faster than any other horse in America ever traveled the route around the turns in competition. To be sure, Andrew Miller's Roamer ran around



CENTRAL NEWS

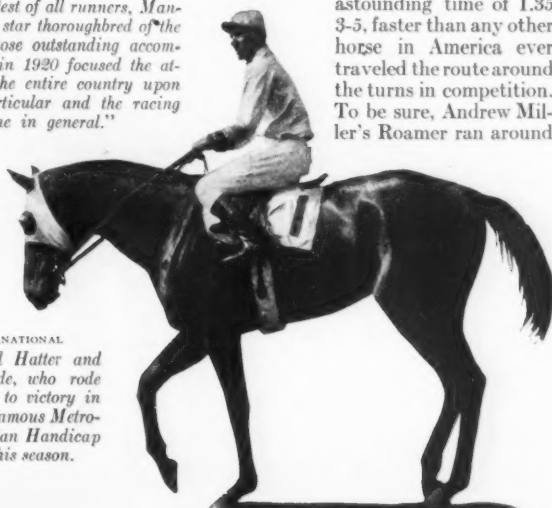
"That greatest of all runners, Man-o'-War, the star thoroughbred of the century, whose outstanding accomplishments in 1920 focused the attention of the entire country upon him in particular and the racing game in general."

favor was that greatest of all runners, Man-o'-War, the star thoroughbred of the century, whose outstanding accomplishments in 1920 focused the attention of the entire country upon him in particular and the racing game in general. Not only did the accounts of his performances fill columns in the press throughout the nation from the beginning of the season until the end, but pictures of him in action were shown in the movies everywhere. Persons who never before had given racing more than a passing thought began to talk of Man-o'-War horses, and the track made a long stride forward in popular esteem.



INTERNATIONAL

Step Lightly, carrying the colors of Walter J. Salmon, with Jockey Keogh shown in the saddle.



INTERNATIONAL

Mad Hatter and Sande, who rode him to victory in the famous Metropolitan Handicap this season.



"Racing in this country is sorely in need of more riders of the Earl Sande type."

INTERNATIONAL

the turns at Saratoga in 1918 to the world's record of 1.34 4-5, but this was a trial against time, the old gelding, under 110 pounds, being unaccompanied by pace, having run away from his would-be pacemakers.

In the Mineola Handicap the son of Star Shoot—Bold Girl not only defeated the Lexington Stable's Eternal, the Rancocas Stable's Thunderclap and A. S. Woodcliffe's Veto, but clipped one-fifth of a second from the time set by Man-o'-War in winning the Withers, May 29, 1920. On the latter occasion the champion covered the mile (reverse way) in 1.35 4-5 to beat Harry Payne Whitney's Wildair. But this does not imply that the Audacious of the Mineola Handicap was the equal of the three-year-old Man-o'-War of a year ago at even weights, for the latter ran his mile practically unchallenged, Wildair never being sufficiently near to cause worry; and through the last furlong Kummer permitted the champion to ease down perceptibly.

Still Audacious will bear close watching. On June 4 he won the Suburban Handicap; the first time, incidentally, that this turf classic, inaugurated back in 1884, has gone to a horse owned by a woman. And it is not without the bounds of possibility that he may yet meet Man-o'-War in a straight-out duel for supremacy.

It has been announced that Man-o'-War will be seen under silks again this season, probably at Saratoga or the fall meeting at Belmont. Whether he will enter races or run against time is yet to be determined.

At this writing the king of thoroughbreds is enjoying the luxuries of the Hinata Stud in the old Blue Grass State, presided over by Miss Elizabeth R.

Dangerfield, daughter of Major Dangerfield, and the most expert horsewoman in America. Probably there is not another of her sex the world over who possesses an equal knowledge of breeding. As a testimonial to her success it may be pointed out that she has raised and sold two yearlings, each of which brought \$25,000.

If by chance Audacious should meet Man-o'-War on the track, the fact that both represent the hopes and prayers of women would add a touch of novelty and piquancy to a great turf event.

Yes, in the entire eastern portion of the Western Hemisphere, from Canada to Mexico City, racing has "come back" strong, and the constantly increasing number of followers of the "sport of kings" indicates that it has overcome much of the prejudice which strove to relegate it to a back seat, even before the War put an added blight upon it; and hereafter the running of the thoroughbreds will rank as an established and permanent pastime on this side of the water, as it long has abroad.

Up in Canada the race followers are confident of a record-smashing year, and the stage is set for a great series of meets in the United States, particularly in New York State, Maryland and Kentucky, and also in Cuba. There are no greater race fans than those of Canada, where the game is being assisted in every possible way by Commander J. K. L. Ross, owner of Sir Barton, and president of the Montreal Jockey Club. In 1919-1920 Mr. Ross was right at the top of the winning owners.

Mexico City, third in population, wealth and social and commercial importance of the Latin cities of the Western Hemisphere, is to have one hundred days of first-class racing next winter. Albert J. Oliver, an American who long has been a resident in Mexico and Central America, and a group of American associates, recently organized the Jockey Club Internationale de Mexico. The first meet will be held this year.

As a veteran trainer put it the other day, racing seems sort o' rampaging all over the map. But present conditions



UNDERWOOD

A steeplechase in England—at Lingfield. Americans are again taking an interest in horse racing, but nowhere in this country do meets draw the crowds that one can find at any one of a dozen racing events held annually near London.

are a fine thing for the sport, for here, there and everywhere are new claimants among owners for spotlight positions, the competition is being made more keen and, with so many in the field training and racing horses, an increased number of favorites are sure to be developed, thereby adding to the sport's uncertainty and excitement.

Racing, however, is a wealthy man's game. The owner who would possess a string of winners able to capture a considerable share of the awards in the really big events must have sources of supply other than the race track for replenishing his bankroll. For the financial piker to strive to compete for the capital prizes means a short shift, unless he enjoys a phenomenal run of luck. To be sure, there are hundreds of "small owners" who eke out an existence by raising, training and selling promising youngsters, and who win a few limited purses at the vari-



INTERNATIONAL
Kummer on Audacious, who the other day broke Man-o'-War's record for the mile.

ous meets, usually against rather ordinary fields. But maintaining a first-class stable is like staging a great theatrical spectacle. Money must be poured into the enterprise and unlimited chances taken. Then, if success crowns the effort, the backer is happy. If failure results, he must be prepared to smile and take his losses.

The average owner of a large stable considers himself most fortunate if at the end of a season of racing his winnings have been such as to make him come out even. There was one prominent New York State horse-owner who, not so long ago, won a total of \$250,000 in purses in a single season, and yet he was a little out of pocket when he balanced his books. This may sound like an exaggeration, but it is simple fact.

In the last few years the cost of everything has gone up for the horse-owner as for others. Transportation for everything connected with his stable is a tremendous item, not to overlook feed, training expenses, entry fees and forfeits, and the salaries and maintenance of a small army of employees. It would be

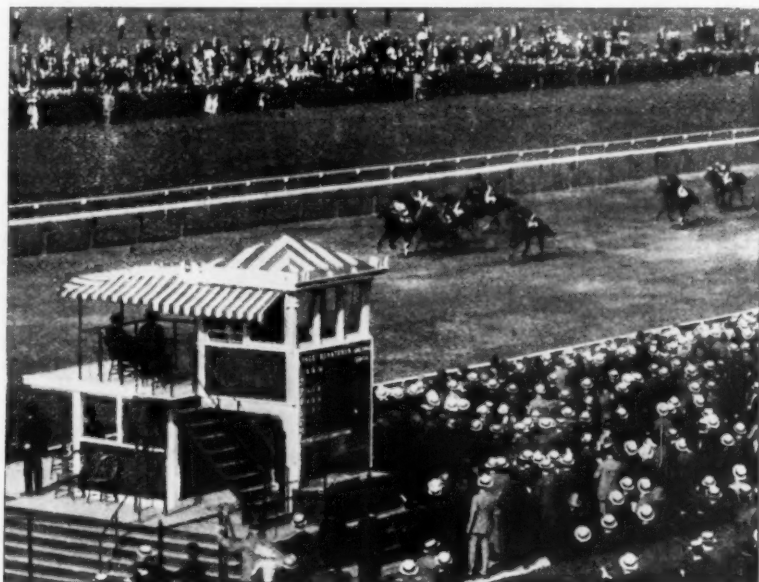
trained for racing purposes make good in a worth-while way, and it is not uncommon for a runner which has cost its owner a cool \$25,000 in purchase price, keep and training expenses, never to face the barrier. A price of \$14,000 or \$15,000 for a yearling of royal lineage is not out of the ordinary, though the purchaser knows that by the time the fateful second year rolls around his horse may disappoint his hopes utterly.

No sport received a more pronounced setback in the war period than horse-racing, and none has made a quicker recovery. The manner in which new stables are springing up on all sides makes it appear as if most persons are anxious to become thoroughbred-owners. Every young animal that is from good stock or gives any indication of talent is snapped up, and even platers are bringing fancy prices. Horses which a year ago couldn't be sold for \$500 today are being purchased for as high as \$2,500.

By the time August rolls round and the great annual sale takes place at Saratoga, there is sure to be an attendance sur-



Jockey Kummer, who rode *Man-o'-War* when the famous "super-horse" defeated *Sir Barton*.



The finish of the Toboggan Handicap at Belmont Park. The owners of these horses do not, as a usual thing, make fortunes on the track. One prominent New Yorker, who won a total of \$250,000 in purses in one season, found when he balanced his books he was a loser.

passing all previous figures for such an event at the Springs, and the consequent competition will boost prices. Incidentally, there should be a greater number of yearlings than usual offered, at this 1921 sale, because of the sure increase in purchase money.

According to our dependable friend, Noah Webster, "sport is a diversion, such as fowling, fishing, hunting and racing." Mr. Webster might have added emphasis to his definition had he also stated that all sport is a gamble. And for that reason, probably above all others, it possesses an enduring appeal for the average human. And, also, of all the pastimes today classed under the head of sport, horse-racing is the greatest gamble.

That statement, however, bears no reference to the gentry who reap a more or less precarious livelihood by accepting bets on the "ponies," or the touts and sure-thing tipsters who handicap the sport; but means gambling in the best sense—the spirit of taking a chance for the glory of winning, or the thrill which accompanies every struggle whose outcome cannot be foretold.

The assertion often is made that racing is maintained principally because of the opportunities it affords for betting. This statement is not only untrue, but is both ridiculous and nonsensical. In the period when betting was prohibited at the big Eastern tracks and no provision had been worked out for the legalized wagers of today, the leading horse-owners kept right on breeding, training and racing, thereby demonstrating that they really were in the sport for the love of it and that the American horse might be improved.

(Concluded on page 34)



*Playfellow, full brother of *Man-o'-War*. Some think that he, too, will soon develop into a great racer. For a time he was considered a second-rater.*

impossible accurately to estimate the cost of training and keeping a horse for a year, for conditions differ so greatly in each case, particularly, let's say, in the amount of stipend paid the various trainers. But you can take this much for granted, that if an owner gets possession of a horse reasonably cheap which develops into a winner, he considers himself blessed by the gods, and that horse will have something to do to capture sufficient purse money to meet the losses on the failures trained along with him.

It is estimated that scarcely more than ten per cent. of the horses purchased and

A Tropical Tramp—(Continued from page 10)

It used to knock me for a goal and I had the natural strength of an ox."

Zent leaned back and soon fell into a troubled doze. The next thing he knew Big Jim had shaken him to wakefulness and told him they were at the mines. It was dark outside. He struggled to arise. Brown reached a muscular arm under him and strode out of the car with him in his arms.

SEVERAL of the employees had come down to see if Jim had arrived. This was pure friendship on their part. Toadying is not to be found in the American camps in the Andes, and little of it exists in the United States among men of the right sort. The employees were surprised to see Brown with a man in his arms, and followed behind him to the hospital door. He soon emerged, grinning sheepishly, and when some one asked him who the old fellow was he replied that it was Robert Zent, "a mighty fine old fellow."

Zent was up in a couple of days. The company surgeon had obtained a better explanation than Brown had given the rest. He said he thought he could use the old man helping around the hospital when he got better. Zent accepted the offer and was soon "pottering around." Many of the employees who had been slightly injured saw him working there as a sort of nurse and orderly. He became known to them as "Pop," "Old Man Bobby," a harmless, friendly old man. Big Jim Brown waved and shouted to him when he saw him on the hospital veranda, and the little man waved back excitedly.

But Big Jim little guessed that Robert Zent gazed at him many times through the windows when he was not aware of it. In fact Zent always watched for him stride by each morning, noon and night. And many, many times poor, weak, old Bobby Zent consoled himself as he lay sleepless in his bed at night thinking of how Jim Brown had befriended him when he was down and out. Big Jim would have blushed and cursed embarrassedly had he known that this man regarded him almost in the light of a god. And Zent told himself over and over that he must get his nerve together and be a man because of Jim Brown's confidence in him.

And then one evening just before knocking-off time a Quechua boy came running with a report that caused the surgeon to begin arranging his table in a fury of haste. Jim Brown had been badly hurt. A blast had gone off prematurely and he had been struck on the head with a chunk of stone.

Old Robert Zent heard the report and sank down moaning between two cots with his head buried in his hands. He was moaning thus when four men staggered in with Brown's silent form on a tool-box door. A crowd at the door with hats off waited until the four came out.

Doc Hall, surgeon, walked to the door, shook his head slowly, then shut and locked the door. But still the crowd remained, silently waiting. Big Jim was a brother to every man in the crowd, to some even more than a father. Doc Hall returned to the operating room at the end of the ward and began making a further examination. Blood was oozing from the injured man's hair. Hall felt the skull and it cracked and grated in his hands. The breath barely came from the dis-

weakly. His will was not capable of moving his body.

"I'm no good! I'm a coward! I'm yellow!" he babbled.

He took a cigar from his pocket with fingers that trembled so he could scarcely place the cigar in his mouth. He made several ineffectual attempts to light it before he succeeded. When it began to glow he puffed and drew upon it spasmodically, trying to steady his feeble nerves and reeling brain. He tried to stand up again, but he shook from head to foot as if with palsy.

"I'm a coward!" he wailed hysterically. His white face was working in jerks which bared his chattering teeth.

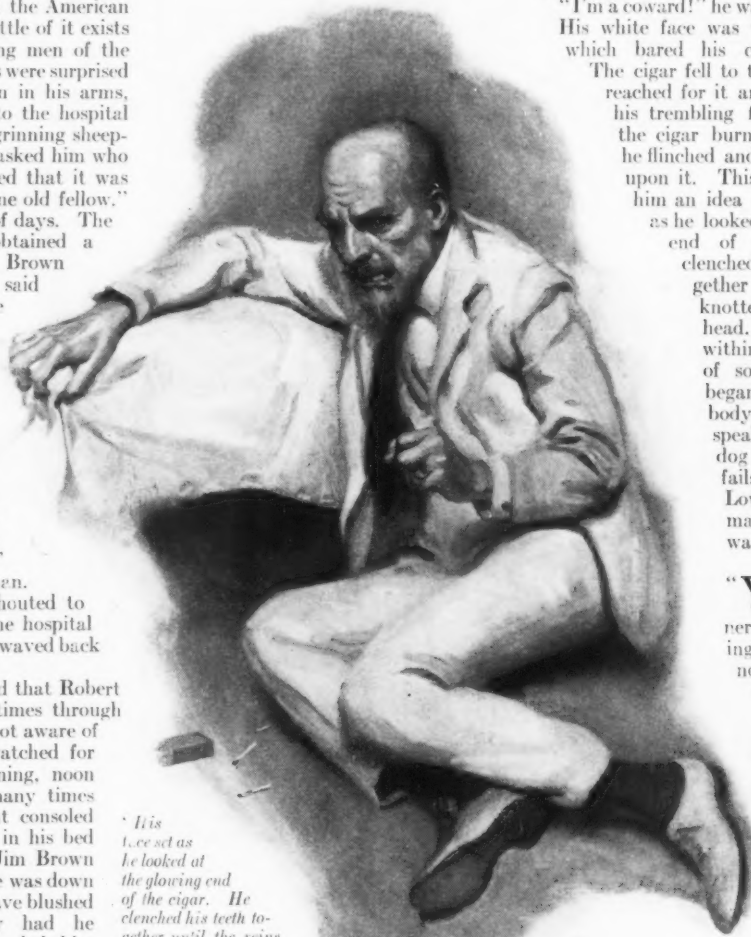
The cigar fell to the floor and he reached for it and clenched it in his trembling fist. The fire of the cigar burned a finger and he flinched and shifted his grip upon it. This seemed to give him an idea and his face set as he looked at the glowing end of the cigar. He clenched his teeth together until the veins knotted on his forehead. Deep down within him the spark of soul that was he began speaking to his body as if he were speaking to a cringing dog or an ox that fails to the load. Low, guttural, oath-marked, the voice was like a lash.

"YOU thing of flesh and nerves! You quaking coward! I'm not afraid, it's you. Well, we'll see about that! There's a job to be done. You're afraid of a little fire, are you? You do what I say or you'll feel real fire. May God

damn me if you don't feel the searing of red-hot iron if you fail me this time! You'll go back to the dust and I'll be free of a body that has proved too weak for use."

His eyes were as bright as stars and gleamed uncannily, the flabby muscles on his cheeks knotted into clumps as his teeth set tighter; his hands grew steady and cold. He rolled up a sleeve and touched the flesh lightly with the fire of the cigar and then thrust the frayed end of it into his lips and puffed slowly upon it. The grin upon his lips as he steadied himself on his feet was horrible and leering. Then squaring his shoulders he marched steadily toward the operating-room door.

(Concluded on page 30)



His face set as he looked at the glowing end of the cigar. He clenched his teeth together until the veins knotted on his forehead.

J. J. NEWMAN

tended nostrils. The pulse was so feeble that it could barely be distinguished.

Old Bobby Zent, sniffing as he sprawled between the cots, heard Doc Hall tell the native nurses to make ready his instruments. Doc liked Jim Brown and he walked around nervously, tugging at his hair and muttering to himself. Zent raised up on his knees and peered into the operating room where he could see Big Jim lying inert on the table and Doc Hall moving about beside him.

The old man's teeth were chattering in an ecstasy of fear and grief. He started to stand up, but slumped back



AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

MASCULINE PIE

PIES hitherto have been neutral, if not neuter, but nowadays pies are taking sides. There is such a thing as masculine pie. People who have raisins to sell call them "energy dessert." A "man's pie" is one filled with raisins. It is served to "tired men at dinner" and "it sets them up." Soon, doubtless, we shall be reading of virile pies, regular sea-wolves of pastry. The triumph of he-manhood will of course be reached when cherry pie is trotted out and exploited by somebody as "the red-blooded pie for the red-blooded man." But getting back to raisins, hasn't anyone a good word for our old and long-established friend, raisin cake? Can't it be boosted as "the cake with the kick?"

Many a man who would rather not be seen washing the family dishes would go out of his way to show himself while washing the family car. The possession of dishes is no proof of social prestige.

GOING INTO SILENCE

ALCOHOLOGISTS say that, deprived of his drink, the drinking man turns to candy as a substitute, thereby accounting for the increase in candy stores. The bar goes, the candy counter comes—as simple as that. Some day we shall interview the man behind the candy counter and satisfy ourselves upon a fascinating point. When the former tippler comes for his mornin's mornin', does the candy clerk wait to hear his order, or does he anticipate it in the old manner and silently pass out the bag of nut fudge or the packet of maple marshmallows? It was once a sure test of a man-about-town, if the bartender knew what was wanted without being told.

Does the patron ever say, as he munches critically, "George, these peppermint patties are a trifle sweet; try to remember next time that I like 'em dry." That, or "Fritz, I have a new mixture for you: one-third Italian Creams, two-thirds Turkish Paste, with just a dash of butter-scotch." How reminiscent of old times! The day's work over, a brisk walk up the Avenue, the sparkling lights of the goodie shoppe, then half a pound of cocoanut dainties as an appetizer before dinner.

THE FACE WITH THE GROUCH WINS

Smiling gent with cigarette;
Blandly smiling waiter;
Smiling girl with crabbing net;
Smiling aviator;

Smiling lass with silken hose;
Smiling lad, canoeing;
Smiling matron washing clothes;
Smiling grandpa, chewing;

Smiling maid with some one's soap;
Smiling housewife, slaving;
Smiling sick man, taking dope;
Smiling husband, shaving;

Smiles on every billboard ad;
Miles of smiles unending;
Smiling "mother," smiling "dad,"
This or that commending.

Gladly would we ope our touch;
ANYTHING—we'd buy it —
At the sight of one good grouch.
If you doubt us, try it.



"George, these peppermint patties are a trifle sweet."

Natures Studies by W. E. HILL

THE original man to strain a gnat and swallow a camel could get a good laugh in Washington just now. Certain senators who without batting an eye voted to saddle all kinds of army and navy appropriations upon their tax-ridden country are reluctant to lunch or dine on "the palatial north portico" for fear their constituents will hear of it and deem them extravagant.

By the way, inasmuch as there are no more drunken sailors, what is there left to spend money like?

PARIS models are protesting against the styles which they are forced to display in public. They say they want to go back to wearing clothes. It was inevitable. Somebody should take pity upon poor Imagination and leave something to it in his will. Nothing else is being left to it, we'll swear.

DISARMAMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Armor-plate and big gun makers are co-operating heartily with the government in the latter's drive for international disarmament. They favor a Congress of Nations which shall include Borneo, Java, the Cannibal Islands, East Africa and Terra del Fuego; indeed, all nations where modern civilized warfare isn't practiced. Poison-dart blowers of the upper Amazon will also be invited to send representatives. A definite limit, it is felt, should be put upon the manufacture of darts, warclubs, flint spears and stone axes. A curtailment of war-canoe building among the South Sea Islanders will also be urged, for the good of humanity. This can be done without hurting business.

It was a good thing for American war finance that George Harvey did not have the dictating of the Liberty Loan advertising copy. His reasons for America's going into the war would not have stimulated the sale of Liberty Bonds much. Neither would they have afforded much inspiration for the "three-minute orators" in theaters and elsewhere.

Bagging Rattlesnakes Within Sight of Manhattan—(Continued from page 13)

ever discovered has been in just such a place of rugged, natural beauty. Invariably the Northern rattlers select a den that faces south. Thus they have the sun all day long; also some protection from storms, which reptiles do not particularly enjoy.

Dr. Ditmars pointed to a few stalks of laurel, blooming with white flowers, delicately striped with pink and as enticing as candy mints.

"Whenever we find the laurel in bloom on these mountains we know that the majority of the rattlers have started off singly or in couples on their summer hunting. Probably there are hundreds of them concealed down below there under rocks and windfalls. Well, we've got one more chance. Maybe there are some on top."

Beyond the top of the rock outcropping, or "formation" as it would be called anywhere west of Denver, spread a grassy plateau that sloped gently upwards to the true summit.

"Up here is our only chance of finding them today," said Dr. Ditmars as he strode through the lush grass that bordered a few acres of straggling swamp. "This is good copperhead country, too. See that rock ledge just above this swamp? Copperheads usually den in just such a place. They like frogs and therefore are usually to be found close to water. The rattler dines on warm-blooded prey as a rule, mice and rats and other small mammals."

A moment later a shrill, strident noise caused him to freeze in his tracks.

"There's a big fellow," he shouted to Gillam. "He's under this rock," and stepped upon a stone slab as large as the top of a taxicab. The rattling ceased for a minute, but resumed with greater intensity as Ditmars shifted his weight and caused the stone to tremble.

"We've got to get him out," he said, and he was as gleeful as a boy.

Gillam came running up with a long green stick and without hesitating poked it into a crevasse between the rock slab and the stone flooring upon which it rested.

The whirring continued. A short distance away similar noises responded. They sounded as though a mechanical toy had been lifted from the ground so that the tin wheels spun under the stimulus of the full pressure of the spring. Whenever the rattling died away it suggested a sun-dried bean-pod disturbed by the wind.

"We'll have to pry up the rock," said Gillam, and cut a young sapling for a lever. Using a small rock for a fulcrum he soon lifted one end of the slab and exposed a segment of the rattler. Again the long stick was inserted by Dr. Ditmars, and this time a flat lance head shot out into the open dragging after it the rest of a yellowish and black body that thrashed itself into coils in a flash of time.

The tail was vibrating furiously. Evil shone from the yellow eyes. The snake was over four feet long, Gillam estimated. Almost quicker than that of the reptile itself was Dr. Ditmars's abrupt action. He shoved the forked end of his stick at the alert head held a few inches above the stone and succeeded in pinning the serpent there.

The snake's head was held fast, but the rest of that limber creature writhed and twisted until it seemed that the head would be separated from the body. By way of demonstrating his prowess Dr. Ditmars then laid another stick across



KAPLAN PHOTO SERVICE

In handling rattlers it isn't necessary to use a forked stick. One without a fork will serve quite well, if it is scientifically applied.

the reptile's head at the widest portion and rested his foot on it. The forked stick he tossed to one side.

Quickly he knelt and with his thumb and second finger grasped the neck just back of the swollen jaws. He brought his index finger down on top of the evil head. With his other hand he secured a grasp of the contorting body at a point where it began to taper into the tail. Then he rose and held the rattler a helpless prisoner.

The snake opened its mouth wide, its fangs protruded from a web of membrane and from them dripped an oily liquid in such extreme profusion it fairly seemed to squirt.

"Venom," explained Gillam standing nearby, his eyes shining with ecstasy. The poison made a wet patch on the stone where it dripped.

"Mean disposition, what?" commented the captor. "Will you hold the sack, Clara?"

Mrs. Ditmars unrolled a muslin flour sack and held the top open. Inserting the reptile's still buzzing tail into this aperture Dr. Ditmars released its body but kept his clutch on the head. He lowered the engaged hand until the snake's still open jaws were on a level with the top of the sack. Then, deftly, he released his hold and the surprised and angry

crotalus dropped to the bottom of the sack, where he promptly coiled and continued to threaten vengeance with his noisy tail. Mrs. Ditmars adroitly twisted the top of the sack and then carried it as carelessly as though it contained the luncheon.

Gillam and Dr. Ditmars were busy locating the owners of other tails that had sounded when the first captive had buzzed a warning. Presently they discovered a three-foot individual in the shade of a shrub, coiled and angry. Gillam claimed this one.

To get the snake from beneath the shrub he teased it into striking. First he crouched before the reptile and then shuffled his feet on the ground as though he intended to dash directly at it. The triangular head retreated an inch, but only in order to tighten the coils. Gillam abruptly poked his forked stick. The buzzing of the tail ceased and in that instant the creature straightened out. The head, fangs unsheathed, struck the prongs of the stick a trifle over two and a half feet from the starting point. Without delay it struck again and this time it tried to wrestle its fangs into the wood, until the object of its attack was drenched with venom.

It coiled again. But by now it was far enough from the bush for Gillam to operate. He forked its neck and held it writhing until he fished a spool of fishing line from his breeches pocket.

There was a ready-made loop at the end, and this he dangled before the snake. As he loosened the fork the reptile darted its head forward in the direction of its rock shelter. Gillam lifted the cord and the noose tightened about the neck just to the rear of the poison-swollen jaws. Then with one hand holding the other end of this cord he threaded it into the fork, brought the end of the stick and the string into his left hand and Mister Rattler was dangling off the ground suspended two feet from the end of the stick.

Dr. Ditmars held the sack this time and as Gillam lowered the captive tail foremost into the cloth prison he cut the cord permitting the second catch to drop down upon the first where they rattled angrily for a few minutes.

"I may appear to handle them carelessly," said Dr. Ditmars, "but really it is the truest sort of caution. I know fairly well what is to be expected of them, for I have handled thousands. The fact that I have not been bitten testifies to my care. Take a look at my arm and convince yourself that I harbor no illusions about being immune to their venom."

The naturalist exhibited a forearm that was twisted and drawn as if from rheumatism. Deep scars were graven on the wrist.

"I wasn't bitten," he explained. "I

(Concluded on page 31)

An Interview with George Washington—(Continued from page 6)

been during the fighting. Down on my farm in Virginia I saw things going to pot. Something had to be done. We had decided against the king business, and when they asked me to be President—only ten of the thirteen States voted in the election, you know—I had to accept. On that March day that I came to New York, by water, and landed to receive the cheers of the crowds, I was depressed by what the people seemed to hope from me. It didn't seem possible that I could ever fulfil their expectations. And, at the final minute, they put off the inauguration several days to decide what title I should have. Even then, it might have been 'King,' but, at last, after long deliberation, they decided on 'President.'

"There were perhaps a billion people on earth in those days. All of them in civilization, except less, perhaps, than six millions, in the United States, Switzerland, Venice and Andorra, were ruled by kings. And all the king-ruled governments were against us. They wouldn't lend us money; they hesitated to recognize us or admit us to intercourse with other nations. You Americans of to-day fail to remember that there was a time when the Republic of the United States was a pariah among nations."

"Why should it have been a pariah?" I asked.

"Because the king-controlled governments of the

earth hated the republican idea. They didn't want the United States to try to prove to the world that people can govern themselves and prosper without the aid of kings and ruling classes. It was an experiment they hated."

"But the United States is a great country on this Fourth of July, 1921," I said, proudly.

"We have a greater thing than that to be proud of," said Washington.

"What could be greater than our position in the world?" I insisted. "We are the richest nation on earth. Our money is the world's standard. We owe no money to any nation. The nations owe us more gold than exists in all the earth—outside of our own hands. All the gold in the world either is in our hands at this moment or is owing to us. We could feed the world, if we chose, from our fields. We could close our shores to other men and live to ourselves forever with the wealth which we have in our soil. Isn't that something to be proud of?"

"No," said Washington, simply.

"What can be greater than our quick growth in power and riches?" I continued. "The United States is only six generations old. Millions of us have seen almost a half of all the Fourths of July that have been celebrated under the Stars and Stripes. No other nation in such a short space of time has ever achieved the power and the greatness of the United States."

"That is not the thing to be proud of," said General Washington, quietly.

"Of what can we be proud, then?" I exclaimed.

"Of the fact that we have established the idea of republicanism and democracy in the minds of men," he answered.

He looked to the north and the south, the east and the west, from the center of Europe where we were standing, and said:

"We are in the midst of a third of a billion people who have, within the past six years, in the course of the Great War, done away with their kings and taken their government upon their own shoulders."

"Yes," I answered. "It is a tremendous thing."

"But not the most tremendous thing that has happened since the Republic of the United States was formed," said Washington.

"What has been more tremendous?" I asked.

"The great and tremendous changes in history are made silently; they occur in the minds and hearts of men, before they

Figures from Washington! The man whose expense account of \$85,000 for secret service and other purposes during the Revolution was made out in his own handwriting without a single error! The man whose farm bookkeeping remains today an ideal of careful farmers! Figures from Washington, to prove what the Republic of the United States has done for mankind! I knew that the great man was turning to figures only to get into my poor, narrow, modern-day American mind the greater vision which he had of America's mission. Figures from Washington! Indeed, I would take them.

"There were no people under a really democratic form of government in the world when the United States was established, as I have told you," said Washington. "We started out with a handful."

"There were about eighty monarchical rulers in the world at that time. Over a billion people, in fifty-five million square miles of earth, were under the rule of kings. Being a surveyor," he added, "I am interested in the land area involved."

"During the next forty-five years eleven republics were formed in various parts of the world. They were small republics, established among humble peoples. Great changes like this must begin at

the bottom of the human pyramid—must come up from below. The French started a revolution which, ultimately, was to result in the great French Republic of today. Every time a small nation in South America freed itself from a European nation it established a republic, with the United States as its example.

"Every monarch in Europe, within the next lifetime of a man, was forced by the new progressive spirit to grant a constitution to his people—with the exceptions of the Czar of Russia and the rulers of China, Japan, and Persia.

"Within your lifetime, young man," said General Washington, "the great events inspired by the example of the United States have come to pass under your very eyes."

"The king idea held full sway when you were born, in the early eighties. One and a third billion people, in 29,000,000 square miles of land, were ruled by kings. Only a quarter of a billion people, in 15,000,000 square miles of land, were republicans. There were about six king-ruled men in the world to every republican."

"In the year 1910 Portugal followed France in becoming a republic; two years later mighty China overthrew the royal dynasty and turned to the United States to help her with money and advice in forming a republic."

"That changed the score between monarchies and republics. In 1912 the

George Washington's Figures

PERIOD	UNDER MONARCHIES		UNDER REPUBLICS	
	Population	Area in Square Miles	Population	Area in Square Miles
Before 1910.....	1,355,500,000	27,800,000	260,000,000	16,200,000
In 1912, after Portuguese and Chinese Revolutions	830,000,000	25,000,000	785,000,000	19,000,000
In 1919, after changes of the Great War.....	533,000,000	14,000,000	1,080,500,000	30,000,000

take place openly. The tremendous thing that has happened has been the silent spread of the idea of democracy and republicanism and self-government that has gone forth from the United States since it was established.

"It was a wonderful thing that each new generation that was born into the world found in existence a free and self-governed people. It put into their hearts and minds the idea of self-government for themselves. Suppose these generations had found the United States a monarchy like the rest?

"The fathers of my day who despised the United States begat sons who aspired to self-government; and these sons begat sons of their own who not only aspired to self-government but who became willing to fight for it. The idea of self-government set before mankind by the Republic of the United States found its way into every corner of the earth. Is not that the thing to be proud of, rather than of our own material prosperity?" asked the General.

I could only agree with him; I could be glad for our prosperity only on the ground that it had helped to show to mankind the attractiveness, as well as the righteousness of self-government.

"Looking back, now," continued General Washington, "I am able to measure in cold figures, such as men must use in my professions of land surveyor and soldier, the growth of the idea which the Republic of the United States has set before mankind."

(Continued on page 28)

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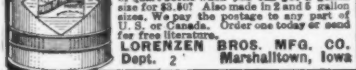
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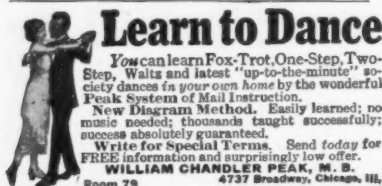


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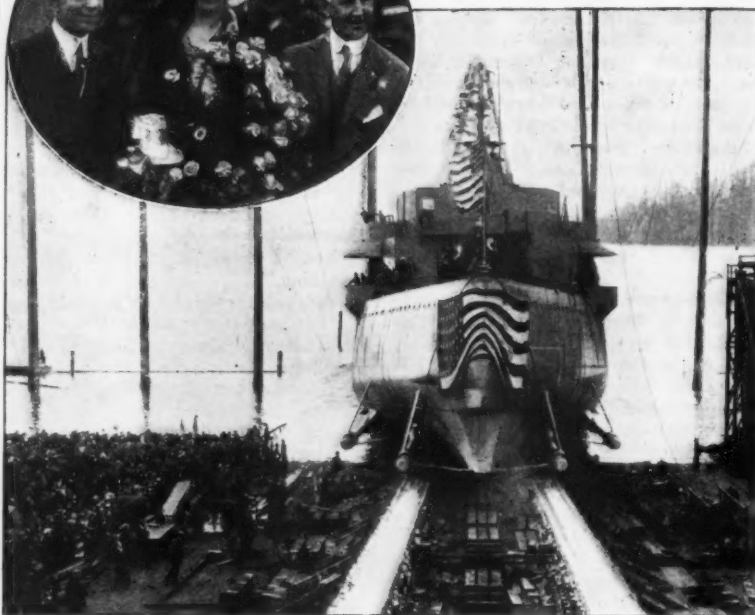
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Tacoma Launches Another Cruiser

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BOLAND, TACOMA

WHEN Mrs. Charles E. Tudor, wife of the director of safety of Cincinnati, smashed a bottle of Ohio river water against the bow of this big scout cruiser in the yards of the Todd Drydock and Construction Corporation at Tacoma, Washington, the other day, and christened it after her native city, the third chapter was written in the story of successful battleship construction on Puget Sound. Within six months the Tacoma yards have launched three of these new greyhounds of the sea, the *Omaha* in December, the *Milwaukee* in April and the *Cincinnati*. Mrs. Tudor appears in the inset, between William H. Todd, President of the Tacoma Drydock and Construction Corporation (left) and Mr. Tudor.

With six great shipyards in operation, Tacoma was one of the big factors in shipbuilding during the war, but the activities at that time were confined to freight and passenger carriers. The building of battleships is a new industry on the Pacific Coast. The record on these three scout cruisers, however, has convinced the government that Tacoma is equal to any construction task.

Tacoma, lying on Puget Sound, with one of the best harbors in the world, and nestling at the foot of Mt. Rainier, is rapidly gaining recognition as the industrial city of the Pacific. Supported by the commerce of the world that last year amounted to 2,705,217 tons, manufacturing has found the acquisition of raw materials easy and an outlet for its product that is measured only by the circumference of the globe.

Tacoma is only 50 years old. Yet today she has over 100,000 population, 33 grammar schools, two fine high schools, each with a great stadium and athletic field, two parental schools and five colleges and academics, besides several special and commercial schools. She has 117 miles of paved streets, 1134 acres in parks, and is a city of home-owners.

In area she has 43.63 square miles, 4.30 miles being water within the harbor line on the beautiful Puget Sound. The city is covered with street railway transportation and four interurban lines extend to neighboring urban communities. Every section within a radius of 100 miles is also reached by more than a score of modern bus lines.

An Interview with George Washington

(Continued from page 27)

number of men who were ruled by kings in the world fell to 830,000,000, occupying 23,000,000 square miles. The number of men living in republics rose to 783,000,000 occupying 19,000,000 square miles.

"You see," added Washington, "the monarchists are still in the lead by many millions of men and many millions of square miles."

"Yes," I said.

He waited, impressively, a moment.

"Do you know what happened as a result of the Great War?" he asked.

"No," I said, breathlessly. "I never stopped to measure this great thing in terms of figures."

"Do you know what happened while men were bleeding and dying and women

were seeking food for their children and while the world was suffering as it had never suffered before?"

"No," I said.

"The republican idea gained the world! It crossed the grade! Shall I show it to you in figures?"

I assented, astonished.

"Today, over one billion people, in 30,000,000 square miles of the earth, are freed of kings. Only a little more than half a billion people, in 14,000,000 square miles of earth, are under kings—and gentle, worried kings at that."

I was silent, as I considered the mighty, silent struggle of the past century which Washington had laid bare, and the mighty victory of an idea.

"Was it a Great War?" I heard him ask.

And then, he added:

"Or was it a world election?"

I had no answer—and no question.

"You think the world is topsy-turvy,"

I heard him saying at last. "It is. The people must learn to walk. Many of the new republics that exist today are in their first struggles. It is the part of the Russian people, for example, that they must show the new world the wrong way to do things. There will be confusions and mistakes and errors until the people find their way, but they *will* find their way in all the new republics of the earth."

It became clear to me, as it would have become clear to any American, I believe, with the Washington viewpoint, that everything I had seen and learned about the present European confusion justified optimism.

In Russia a sanity is arising among the people. Lenin and Trotzky and the Russian leaders are bowing to a new public opinion which is growing up in Russia. Today Lenin and Trotzky are between two hot fires; one is the fire of their own great secret service, which has become so mighty that within recent days it has threatened even Lenin himself because of his tendency to yield to demands for conservatism; the other is the fire of a public opinion which demands that trade be restored in Russia and that the Communist leaders cease using Russia as if it were a laboratory guinea pig.

The biggest piece of news that could be crowded into a newspaper headline today—the piece of news for which the world is waiting—is "Lenine and Trotzky Fall." And every day brings this headline nearer. We shall read it some day, soon, and then we shall realize that the Russian people have risen to their feet to take their place in the slow but steady progress of nations.

I remembered, also, in connection with what General Washington had said, how I had seen the German workmen, last Easter, crush Bolshevism. A mad leader, named Max Holz, with a small army of youths and ex-soldiers, attempted to seize the factories in towns outside of Berlin; his plan was to put a finishing touch to his campaign by finally seizing the Berlin factories themselves and then the government.

There was no power in Germany strong enough to stop Max Holz except the power of the opinion of German workmen. The workmen of Berlin kicked the agitators out of the factories and went back to their benches—and finished Bolshevism in Germany for good and all. Holz is a common prisoner today and there is no organized Communism in Germany worth mentioning, though two years ago Germany seemed on the verge of sinking into Communism. Today the so-called Socialist government of Berlin is more conservative than the Republican government of Harding in Washington; and this conservatism has the approval of the German people.

The disorders in Poland, too, as I considered the Washington viewpoint, took on a new meaning. They grow out of the strivings of a new people to make use of their new liberty and to defend it.

Everywhere, of course, among these new

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In dealing with each one of these contributors our policy has been to ask from them the sincerest and most human work; no sex stuff, no jazz novels; none of the tommyrot about high life, the wicked vices of the rich and the saintly virtues of the poor, which can be dished up in such a way as to sell magazines very easily, has found its way into the Metropolitan.

We never asked our writers to produce that sort of fiction. If you don't ask them, or to put it more explicitly, if you don't contract with them for so much a word to write that kind of twaddle, then they don't do it, because certainly none of them want to.

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nations, one finds small-calibered statesmen. Kings and emperors used to choose leaders for these peoples; today the people must choose their leaders for themselves, and it is a difficult thing to select the good man on every occasion. But this splendid fact stands out: Every change in government in these lands is only proof of the fact that the new peoples are feeling their way and that their opinions are swaying events.

Wherever I went in Europe I discovered that I had been wrong in my previous belief that civilization and government had fallen into a bottomless abyss; as a matter of fact they have fallen, with a dull and pleasing thud, onto the shoulders of the peoples themselves.

As I considered these first-hand observations—and they are observations

which I believe any American would make in Europe these days—I heard Washington speaking again:

"Can you tell me that civilization is passing into a fog?" I heard the great man ask. And then, he added, "No. It is coming out into the sunlight."

"Is there anything that America can do to help the world get straight?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Just go on being America. Things that have been happening the past 150 years have all happened according to schedule. Even the last Great War had to occur; autocracy was bound to make one final challenge. Keep on being America. Europe and the rest of the world must come our way."

And that was his last word.

A Tropical Tramp—(Concluded from page 24)

Doc Hall was just taking up his knife to lay open a flap where he had shaved the hair away from the jagged gashes. Zent touched his arm with a steely forefinger. The words Doc Hall heard were calm, cold and commanding.

"Doctor, you are a pretty good man in your line. But this is an operation that requires skill. You are good on general work. You can lop off a leg, make a major operation on the abdomen, set a broken limb. It takes a specialist to work on the eyes, the ears, the brain—the last more than all. Send these nurses out. You handle the anesthetic. I'll handle the knife."

Hall started back.

"Man, are you crazy?" he roared.

"No! Didn't you ever read of me? I'm Robert Zent. I'm the Robert Zent. All the medical journals were full of my trepanning operations."

"You don't say so!" interjected the doctor excitedly. "Why, I heard of you when I was going to college. You lectured there before my time. I've read articles written by you. What's happened to you since?"

"Nerves. My body failed on me—wife—I was the only one—who could—and I wouldn't operate—she died—and I'll fail now—don't make me talk—"

He steadied his trembling face and lifted his hand high.

"But if I fail, so surely as there is a God in Heaven this body that fails will know real agony. It has made me suffer and it shall suffer in return."

His voice rose to a high-pitched snarl. "Drive these native nurses out! Get that funnel over his nose and watch the eye pupils closely! Don't speak! I'm going to dare to do what few men would, and with luck my way I'll pull him

through. He's too good a man to pass in yet."

He laid open three flaps, cutting them like orange peels and laying bare the shattered skull. He cut out "buttons" of bone and working gently he lifted the skull and moulded it into contour. He drew the light close and searched the brain beneath and lifted tiny slivers and specks of bone, the smallest of which would have caused insanity or mental impairment if not removed. His touch with knife and probe was exact to the thousandth of a hair's-breadth. For two hours and forty minutes he stood there with his entire mind and soul riveted on his task. Finally he stood back and surveyed the regular contour of Big Jim's skull, white and glistening. He brought the flaps together and when Doc Hall handed him the catguts he stitched the scalp together deftly.

"He'll live. His mind will not be impaired," he said as he and Doctor Hall looked into each other's eyes.

"No doubt of it at all," agreed Hall, "you have performed a work of real genius. I'll go to the door and pass the word to the boys."

Soon a mighty shout went up.

"Big Jim is going to live!"

The roar shook the building. Then later came another roar. Doc Hall had told them who had operated.

"Hurrah for Doc Zent! Hurrah for Doc Hall!"

Jim Brown was mumbling in his delirium.

"I hope the old fellow makes good," came from his drawn lips.

Doc Zent reached over and patted him on the shoulder.

"I'll try to, Big Jim. And you must hurry up and get well."

Celebrating It

By MINNA IRVING

OUR patriotic fathers kept
The glorious Fourths of yore
With bands and speeches and parades,
And picnics by the score,
Where everybody ate ice-cream
And chicken, ham and chowder,
But mostly did they celebrate
By burning lots of powder.

From Maine to California,
From Georgia's cotton snow,
To where across the great blue lakes
The gusty northerers blow,
We honor Freedom's birthday still
And keep its memories green,
But chiefly we observe it now
By burning gasoline.

Bagging Rattlesnakes

(Concluded from page 26)

cut myself with a bit of broken mason jar upon which there was a trace of venom. I took ordinary precautions, but I nearly lost the arm. It was swollen enormously to the shoulder for days and it was many weeks before the injury healed."

Displaying a tiny brown bottle containing crystals of permanganate of potassium and a rubber bandage the size of a Jamaica bookmaker's pay-off roll, he said:

"I always carry those in the pocket of my shirt when I am out hunting. If I should be fanged, I'd cut open the punctures so that they could bleed freely and employ the rubber bandage as a ligature to cut off the circulation, above the bite, or rather between the heart and the flow of blood from the bite. The permanganate oxidizes the venom."

"When I had extracted all the venom possible, I'd get down to the nearest town or village and telephone the Zoo. They'd rush a supply of anti-toxin to me in an automobile, and once I had an injection of that I'd feel that I had a chance. Even so, I'd be a pretty sick individual, nauseated and tortured by burning pain."

"The important thing is to get out as much of the poison as possible before the capillaries have a chance to convey it to the veins. Venom sets up decomposition of the blood very quickly."

Dr. Ditmars replaced his brown bottle and the roll of rubber in his pocket and scurried over to see Gillam capture another snake that he had discovered in the dead brown leaves near a tree stump. This time Gillam assayed to make the capture with his bare hands after forking the head. He held the forked stick forward and then grabbed neck and thrashing body in his hands.

"Eight rattles," he said. "Not so good."

By the time this one was in the sack, Mrs. Ditmars had located one of her own lying back of a flat rock. She forked him as handily as her husband might have done and then dropped a noose of cord over his head and dropped him into the sack.

"Mrs. Ditmars is about as adroit at this game as any one I know," boasted her husband. "Down South a few years ago our daughters without assistance caught the biggest rattler in the zoo collection. He was eight feet long. They didn't attempt to fork him but teased him with a stick until he coiled, and then dropped a soap-box over him and piled rocks on top of it, keeping him a prisoner until I returned from a moccasin hunt in a nearby swamp."

All told the day's hunt totaled eleven mean-tempered, yellow and purplish mottled serpents and they were brought down the mountainside stuffed in a haversack on Gillam's back. "Last week we had seventy-eight pounds of 'em," said Dr. Ditmars regretfully. "We'll have to try the Berkshires next week. They don't leave the dens nearly so early there."

Near the base of the ledge Gillam peered into a natural chamber formed by two huge rocks that leaned together. Then he exclaimed wrathfully:

"Some fools have had a picnic-camp here," he said. "These weren't woodsmen, clearly, or they would have policed the camp before they left."



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Exploring the shallow cave he found a smoke-blackened bucket, a half-emptied tin of coffee, some matches and newspapers of a date late in April.


"There was a woman in the party," said Gillam holding up a couple of wire hairpins. "She had on high-heeled shoes, too. I'll bet they didn't think there was a rattler or any other kind of a snake within miles of here. Probably thought this cave was a delightful place instead of an annex to a snake den. It was just Providence they weren't harmed."

A few hundred yards below the den we encountered other hikers. Some of them were properly booted with calves covered. But near the base of the mountain in

what is now the favorite hunting ground of the rattlers several couples were strolling through the woods plucking wild flowers and now and then pausing to drink at the stream or eat a wild strawberry. Men and women wore low quartered shoes and the stockings of the women were of the prevailing fashion.

"I doubt if they'd recognize a snake's rattle if they heard one," complained Gillam.

He eased his shoulders from the haversack straps and laid his squirming burden on the floor of the automobile. An hour later it was squirming between his feet on the floor of a crowded Hudson Tube train carrying him back to Manhattan.



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THE stock market lately gave a surprise party to many, if not most, of the financiers, big and little. After a sufficient amount of firming up to excite hopes of a steady return to normal conditions, it gradually weakened, went largely to pieces and, in the course of a month, undid a great deal of the good it had done—in the eyes of the optimists. Prices of most issues experienced a decline and in numerous instances there were positive slumps such as the majority of observers had supposed were unlikely to occur.

The trouble started with cutting and passing of dividends by a considerable number of corporations which had been regarded as in sound financial position and which, in spite of lessened earnings, were believed to have ample resources for maintaining dividends. During the past few months about two hundred companies have suspended dividends and about one hundred others reduced them. This was serious enough, but fear was general that the list of defaulters would largely be added to. Sensational rumors questioned the ability to pay dividends of the most reliable companies. Hence there was created a nervous psychological situation. Dread of loss of income impelled hundreds of persons to throw their holdings on the market and the latter sank under the weight of the offerings. Often these were ill-advised; they merely aggravated the semi-panicky state of affairs. The bears saw their opportunity in this and used all their arts to drive prices down.

The smash of values, therefore, was due to sales by needy or scared owners of stocks and bonds and to various unscrupulous manipulations which quickened the downward process. There can be no doubt that there were several more or less extensive concerted movements among the bears to depress quotations. Predictions were openly made at the offices of certain brokers with large clienteles that prices of such and such stocks would go down on days specified and go up on other days. The machinery of the situation was so well in the grasp of these groups that prices rose and fell almost at their will. The depression could not have been so marked had business readjustment gone farther forward, but there would have been some degree of price-smashing in any event.

There is a variety of circumstances which give power at present to the elbows of the bears. The Administration's delay in the matter of reducing government expenditures and taxes has been one of the millstones on the necks of business and the securities market.

Congressmen are receiving complaints from all over the country regarding the evil effect of failure to fulfill the fiscal and economic campaign promises of the party in power. Our foreign trade relations are still in a bad way, our shipping is idle, our railroads are not doing highly profitable work, and industries of all kinds are stagnant and likely to remain so throughout the summer. Is it any wonder that the pessimists have had an inning once more?

Many patients who are recovering from serious maladies suffer during the period of convalescence from relapses of greater or less severity. So it is natural to expect that business in the course of readjustment—that is its recovery from the disease of inflation—will have setbacks. These are happening more frequently than we could wish, but they seem unavoidable, considering the complex influences that are in operation. These retrogressive phases do not indicate fundamental and incurable ailment. The constitution of American enterprise is, in the main, rugged, and it will survive the illness from which it is now convalescing and become in time healthier and more vigorous than before.

P. SCHENECTADY, N. Y.: All the members of the New York Stock Exchange deal in investment securities and can buy any kind of bonds, including real estate.

K. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: Dividends on Erie stock seem very remote. Various rumors as to consolidation of Erie with some other line have been afloat, but nothing has been done to confirm them. There is neither investment nor good speculation in Erie preferred.

P. BURLINGTON, VT.: No outsider can tell whether General Motors common will continue its present dividend. Neither can anybody foresee whether or not it will decline to \$8. Doubtless when times grow better, this stock will recover some, if not all, its recent loss. U. S. Rubber common is a fair business man's purchase but more speculative than the preferred, which is one of the best of the industrials.

H. ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.: Among securities in which it would be reasonably safe to invest \$2,000 are Union Pacific Com., American Car & Foundry Com., American Woolen pfd., Kansas City Southern pfd., American Tel. & Tel., Republic of Chile 8's, Southern Pacific, U. S. Steel s.f. 5's, N. Y. Central, deb 6's, and Westinghouse 7's. A certain amount of diversity in investment is prudent and the above issues afford a good chance for that.

H. JAMESVILLE, WIS.: With capable management, Utah-Idaho Sugar Company should have a future. It has been hard hit by the readjustment process, decline in price of sugar and litigation. It showed deficits in 1918 and 1919. I have not the figures for 1920, but the company has shown no disposition to resume dividends. Study of its reports indicates that it has paid out too much in the way of dividends. Its surplus and working capital are not sufficiently large.

G. SCHENECTADY, N. Y.: Earnings reports made the maintenance of the White Motor Co.'s dividend somewhat doubtful. It was this which caused the decline in the market value of the stock to which you call attention. Philadelphia Co. is not an absolutely sure proposition. Recent earnings are not quite up to those of last year, and there has been some new financing, which is not altogether favorable to the stock. The exchange you propose may be a fair one—American Steel Foundries paying \$3, seems as good as Philadelphia Company, paying the same dividend, but quoted higher.

C. LAWRENCE, MASS.: Since dividends on Missouri Pacific common seem to be a thing of the very distant future, it might be advisable to take your loss on the stock and to buy some issue that is making a return. Chino and Butte and Superior are not dividend payers at present and you would not better your position in the way of income by buying them. Here is a list of low-priced stocks which are undoubtedly speculative and not in the investment class, but which are paying dividends. If they continue to do so they will be good purchases at present prices: Miami Copper, paying \$2,

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Middle States Oil, paying \$1.60, Submarine Boat, paying \$1; General Motors common, paying \$1; Cuban American Sugar common, paying \$2. None of these at this time is any more uncertain than Missouri Pacific common.
C. DAVENPORT, IOWA: Barring any unexpected passing or cutting of dividends, the following industrial stocks are among good business men's investments: U. S. Steel common and pfd., American Woolen pfd., American Car & Foundry, common and pfd., American Locomotive pfd., Corn Products Refining pfd., Westinghouse common and pfd., U. S. Rubber pfd., and Beth Steel 8 per cent., pfd. Republic of Chile 8's come in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000. You should have made clear to the broker exactly what you desired to buy. You apparently left it to his discretion and he naturally bought the higher-value bond.

N. M. CLEMENS, MICH.: The best stock in your list, everything considered, is Union Pacific common. Next in order comes American Tel. & Tel., United Drug, Standard Oil of Indiana, Texas Company, Swift & Co., Westinghouse, and Great Northern pfd. Of your \$5,000 you might put \$1,000 in Union Pacific common, \$1,000 in U. S. Rubber pfd., \$1,000 in American Tel. & Tel., \$1,000 in Great Northern 7 per cent bonds, and \$1,000 in Swift & Co. stock. Among other well-thought-of propositions are: Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent pfd., Rock Island 7 per cent pfd., and Kansas City Southern pfd.

New York, June 25, 1921

Free Booklets for Investors

Booklet L, mailed to any applicant by William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York, tells of the opportunities offered in the stock market with puts and calls.

First mortgage loans on Montana farms bearing 8 per cent, are handled by the First National Bank of Plentywood, Mont., which will send a list of loans to any address. Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange are dealt in by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, who will send their descriptive circular L on request.

Scott & Stump, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York, invite communications in regard to the purchase of investment securities on an easy payment plan.

J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, will send, on application, copies of the widely known Bache Review, which many investors and business men regard as indispensable.

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Through the purchase of one share each of eight listed stocks, costing in all \$450, one can secure 32 dividends annually, aggregating \$46. That is about 10 per cent. on the investment. For particulars write to Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, Department LW-56, for interesting descriptive literature and their booklet, "Thrift-Savings-Investment."

The individual who dreams of cumulative wealth must make a start with systematic saving. An excellent way to achieve a competence has been devised for the person of limited means in the 20-payment plan for purchasing sound securities. A booklet describing this plan and a financial publication, "Weekly Investors Service" will be sent on request for LW-701, by E. L. Wittmeyer & Co., Inc., 42 Broadway, New York.

G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 113 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., well-known distributors of 7 per cent. real estate bonds, have issued an interesting story, "How Henry Wilkinson Became Rich." It tells how a poor man acquired riches through saving and discovery of the power of compound interest. Wilkinson's system had nothing to do with speculation. Miller & Co. will supply to any address this story and also a free booklet "Selecting Your Investments."

Nobody can succeed in any line in life without knowledge of the fundamental factors involved. One of the conditions of financial success is to secure essential information and sound advice from experts. In addition those of limited means may be helped by the partial-payment plan now so much in vogue. Valuable investment recommendations as well as a special monthly instalment plan booklet may be obtained by sending for booklet 107-D, D. to Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York.

A July investment list has been issued by the Investors Company, Madison & Kedzie State Bank, Chicago, and Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky. The list should be of interest to many investors. It is a record of Investors Bonds, which are first mortgages on the best city property, pay 7 per cent., and are so well secured that a leading bank invests much money in them. The bonds can be bought on the partial-payment plan, only \$10 being needed to make a start. For full particulars write to the Investors Company, for booklet No. L-127.

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There is difference of opinion as to whether the vast amounts of gold that are now being shipped from many countries into the United States will have a favorable or an adverse influence on our future prosperity. This matter has seemed so important to E. M. Fuller & Co., members Consolidated Stock Exchange, 50 Broad Street, New York, that they have prepared an article analyzing the possible effect of the gold influx and have printed it in the current issue of their "Market Review." The publication also contains editorials on the railroad, industrial and oil situation, with analyses of fifteen leading companies in these lines. To obtain a copy of the Review, apply to Fuller & Co., for LW-67.

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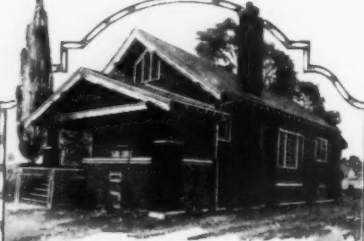
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Under this Heading

"Free Booklets for Investors"

on this page you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."



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The Sport of Kings "Comes Back"

(Concluded from page 23)

There was Harry Payne Whitney, who maintained his high-class stable, and even sent some of his horses to England to run, A. King Macomber, of California, who raced some of his thoroughbreds in France, and J. H. Rossiter, another Californian, who kept right on breeding in the period when he was in the employ of the Government at \$1 a year. Incidentally, it has been said that Mr. Macomber's losses, because of breakdowns, in one year of the lean period were sufficient to drive most owners out of business, but this failed to discourage him.

John E. Madden, probably the biggest breeder in America, continues to replenish his farm with the best mares and stallions obtainable, as in the past; and Harry Sinclair and Sam Hildreth maintain the high standards which have made Rancocas Farm, at Jobstown, N. J., famous for its thoroughbreds these many years. In addition, the Jockey Club Breeding Bureau distributes first-class horses among the farmers for breeding purposes at a nominal fee. Hundreds of other examples of those who are continually striving to improve the breed of American horses might be cited, were it necessary.

There is no question that there is betting on the races, but it is only incidental to the sport. There is betting on every other pastime, too—baseball, boxing, rowing, football, etc. It is human nature to desire to wager on the outcome of trials of skill and brawn, and there is no particular reason why racing should be singled out for censure. There are more

pools operating daily, in and out of business offices, on the baseball games than there are books on the races, and from the moment that Dempsey and Carpentier were matched, the public has been kept posted through the press on the odds on the outcome of the battle.

Thanks to the vigilance of the Jockey Club there is less crookedness and fewer efforts at sharp practice in connection with racing today than ever in its history, and the improvement in the conduct of the tracks goes right on. The infliction of most severe penalties has brought about these pleasing results. In the old days it was customary to punish an offender, except in extreme cases, by setting him down for a week or so. But this practice does not obtain today. Every one connected with the game knows that a man found guilty of breaking the Jockey Club rules is likely to be ruled off the track for life.

However, racing still is a considerable distance from being perfect, and there remains plenty of room for improvement. For instance, the enlargement of the racing game calls for a greater number of riders, but many of those recruited in recent years are way below a desirable standard. Racing in this country is sorely in need of more riders of the Earl Sande type. This jockey is a part of the horse he rides, and is a magnificent judge of pace.

Widespread effort should be made to procure boys of the proper type.

The starting end of running also stands in need of improvement.

Will There Be a "Next War"?

(Concluded from page 20)

those two men do. There will be more than fifty thousand people in the arena to see for themselves. Those people will have paid more than a million dollars for the privilege of watching what goes on in the ring when those two men meet. Some of them will have traveled all the way from Australia to witness a contest that conceivably may not last more than thirty seconds and is not expected to last more than 20 minutes.

Here, now, is war for a principle. Greed does not enter into the matter. The millions who are worked up about the affair will be no poorer and no wealthier as a result of the fight. Democracy is not at stake. Liberty is not in danger. Why the great interest in this battle between two men wearing padded mitts on their hands?

Carpentier and Dempsey are the two leading exponents of the art of hitting an opponent with "something hard." They are the spirit of war individualized; possible of dramatization because they meet in a test of brawn and brain and courage.

Suppose with me for a moment that Carpentier was a great French scientist who had mastered the art of delivering a capsule of poison gas at a given spot three thousand and some odd miles distant by means of a small airplane directed by wireless; that Dempsey was an American scientist who had a ray that he

could direct across the ocean to a given spot in France; that the two were to have a long-range duel to see which could get the other first. Can you imagine the enthusiasm that the contest would arouse? If you can, your imagination is worthy of comment.

Suppose they were champion chess players. Would 50,000 people gather to watch and pay \$1,000,000 for the privilege? No! Why not? Because the element of physical combat would be lacking.

In the Next War, as forecast by Irwin in his book, that same element is going to be as conspicuously lacking as it would be in a chess game. How much will knowledge of the absence of that element do to make the next war improbable?

If people all over the world gain a realization of the nature of the Next War through books such as the one Irwin has written, will there be a Next War? Can there be? Is war a possibility without the engendering spirit of hate that is so largely a result of pride in physical ability, in the capacity to hit a man "with something hard?"

If there is a Next War it will be different from all others in more ways than in the weapons used. It will be different in spirit, because one of the elements on which the spirit of war has hitherto most greedily fed will be lacking.

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